

King VVILLIAM'S Courage and Conquest:

TOGETHER,

VVith the Glorious Success of his Royal Highness the
Duke of ~~Savoy~~; to the Unspeakable Consternation of the *French*
Court and Kingdom.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

H Ark! Hark! Hark! how the mad World,
All Sword and with Fire,
Conspire, Conspire;
Their Forces all Gay,
In Battle Array, (France,
To Combat, to Combat with the Emperor of
Yes let them Advance, Advance, (sunder.
Whilst William, Great William shall dash them in
And Scurge them with Scorpion Rods,
As Jove drove the Gyants down down by his Thunder,
Who Battl'd the Throne of the Gods.

All France, all France is in fear,
Of true Sons of Thunder,
Who under, who under
His Highness's Command,
Has Enter'd their Land; (vain,
Defending their Kingdom will prove but in
Fair Dauphin he soon shall gain:
Thus William & Savoy shall dash them in sunder.
And, &c.

Monsieur, Monsieur Catinat,
Being over-power'd,
He scower'd, he scower'd
Before the Savoy, (fear,
Stout Conquering Boys,
Which made his whole Army to tremble for
VVhen they with their Duke drew near;
Thus Savoy great Savoy shall dash 'em in sunder,
And, &c.

Strong Towns, strong Towns they shall yield
To him at discretion,
Oppression, Oppression,
Has caus'd them to groan,
And therefore they own
His coming is purely to keep 'em from thrall.
French Dragoons shall pay for all,
For Savoy, great Savoy shall dash them in sunder.
And, &c.

His Arms, his Arms with success,
Still clears all before him,
Adore him, Adore him,
The Protestants due,
There's none but a Crew,
Of Romans, of Romans that does him oppose,
Who only shall feel his blows,
For Savoy, great Savoy, shall dash 'em in sunder,
And, &c.

To Arms, to Arms crys the French,
For the Enemy's coming,
He's Bombing, he's Bombing,
Our Fortify'd Towns,
And Conquering Crowns,
Now thus in confusion they march to & fro,
Yet all is in vain I know,
For Savoy, great Savoy shall dash 'em in sunder.
And, &c.

Huzza, Huzza they rush on
Like brave Alexanders,
Commanders, Commanders
Still Leading the way,
In Battle Array,
Tantararo, Tantararo the trumpets do sound,
While Cannons shall tear the Ground,
Thus Savoy, great Savoy shall dash 'em in sunder
And, &c.

Now while, now while he runs on,
Our King with Commanders,
In Flanders, in Flanders,
With Battering Balls
Shall beat down the VValls
Of Dunkirk, of Dunkirk; & make 'em to know
He fears no Insulting Foe;
Thus William and Savoy shall dash 'em in sunder
And Scurge them with Scorpion Rods,
As Jove drove the Gyants down down by his Thunder
And Battl'd the Throne of the Gods.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J. Baek.

The conquering Virgin:

O R,

The Maiden Triumph;

To an excellent new Air.

This may be Printed, R. P.

I.

WE all to Conquering Beauty bow,
it's pleasing Powers admire;
But I ne'er saw a Face till now,
that like yours could inspire;
Now I may say I met with one,
amazes all Mankind;
And like Men gazing on the Sun,
with too much light am blind.

II.

Soft as the tender moving sighs,
when longing Lovers meet;
Like the Divining Prophets Wife,
and like blown Roses sweet;
Majestick gay, reserv'd yet free
each happy Night a Bride;
A Mean like awful Majesty,
and yet no spark of Pride.

III.

The Patriarch to gain a VVife
chast, beautiful and young;
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
and never thought it long;
And were I to reward such Care,
and life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
and think it as one day.

IV.

Thy Virgin-Innocence does move
Diana's beauteous Train;
And make them both admire and Love
like some resistless swain:
I had resolv'd no charming Art
should e'er my mind subdue,
But *Strephon's* tender yielding Heart,
owns *Cupid's* Power in you.

V.

As when the *Indian* first does spy
the dawning of the light
It Captivates his wondring Eye
so charming is the sight,
But as the morning grows more bright,
his pleasure still encrease,
Untill the fullen fable night,
do's cause those Joys to cease.

VI.

Let us upon soft silken Flowers
enjoy our bloom and prime,
And sweetly pass away those hours,
that glide away with Time;
The light-foot minuits will not stay,
and Lovers hours are few;
My fairest then do not delay,
but give great Love his Due.

VII.

Thy Blushes and each charming Grace,
that can so sweetly please,
And all the Beauties of thy Face
were made for Lovers Ease;
To recompence that restless Pains,
those Torments and those Fears,
Those Sighs, (of which we all complain)
in our most happy years.

VIII.

Then fairest Nymph let *Strephon* find
the Pleasures of thy Arms,
Be like a beauteous Goddess kind,
and yield me all thy Charms;
The Pleasures of the Gods above,
I will not envy then,
Such are the mighty Joys of Love,
ordain'd for Happy Men.

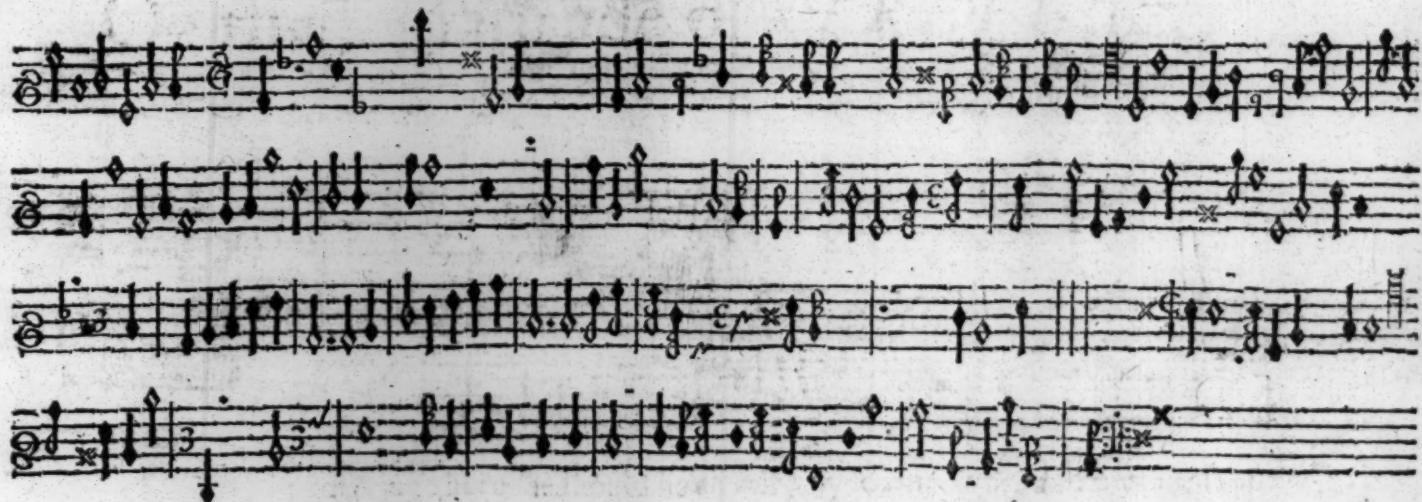
Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

The Scotch Lass Deceiv'd

By her Bonny Lad *JOCKEY*.

To a New Scotch Tune of Mr. *Farmers*.

This may be Printed, R. P.



(1)

When cold Winter Storms were past,
And every Mead with Flowers was grac'd,
My *Jockey* then as fine as *May*,
With Bonnet cock't up, and a feather so gay,
Each day came to me,
To Cog, Lye, and Sue me,
To flatter and Wooe me,
But I, alas! believ'd to soon,
And at last found him to be a false Loon,
To my sorrow.

(2)

Early when the God of Day,
Had just in the Eastern Skies made way,
Then *Jockey* came to my Bed-side,
Wolt gang tull a Kirk, says he, and be my bride?
I answer'd Marry,
He not ready for ye,
He mean for to tarry,
And first for our Wedding provide;
Then Wed with *Jockey*, and lig by his side,
To delight him.

(3)

On my breast he lean'd his head,
And thrust down his hand into the bed,
Then I cry'd out, O fee, O fee,
Thou art like a Loon as I never did see,
My bonny *Jockey*,
I never yet took ye,
To be so Unlucky,
To hurt the Lass you love so well;
Who never beneath a bonny Lad fell
In my life, Sir.

(4)

He got in a gude merry Mude,
He thought it was time then to be Rude;
He kindly stroakt my Downy Wem,
And farther proceeded, O then, O then,
I cry'd, nay, look ye,
Nay, prithee now *Jockey*,
Be not so Unlucky,
For after you will not abide.
To take like a bonny Lass to your Bride,
I am sure on't.

(5)

When my *Jockey* the Deed had done,
He rose from the Bed and wou'd have been gone,
I caught him by th' Breeks, and askt him to wed
'Tis Marriage enough, says he, for us to Bed;
And so did he leave me,
Which greatly did grieve me,
He thus should deceive me;
And then quit his Courtship so soon;
But if I trust like another false Loon,
Deel take me.

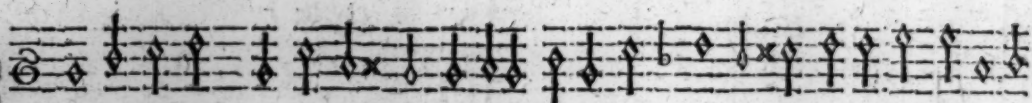
(6)

Bonny Lasses all take care,
No Lads e'er delude ye into like a Snare:
For if they once creep into your Bed,
You never must after expect them to Wed;
What words they scatter,
They never make matter,
'Tis only to flatter,
For when the Loon his Will has had,
You may look out for another like Lad,
For he'll leave you.

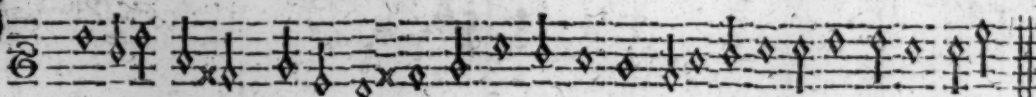
A New SONG, called,
Parthenia's Complaint
 On the Ingratitude of *STREPHON*.

To a delicate new Tune.

This may be Printed, R. P.



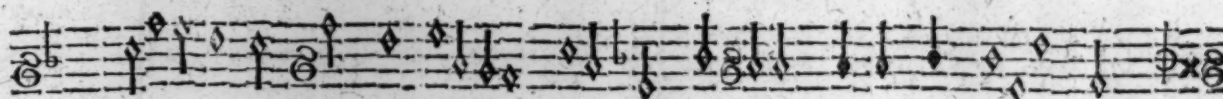
S on the dearest *Strephon's* Breast. *Parthenia* lean'd her mournful Head,



Expecting there she should have rest, by loving sighs, and thus she said :



O *Phæbus* God of tuneful Strings, And *Venus* Queen of softest Fire,



Thou God of all harmonious Things, inspire our Hearts with like desire.

II.

But when she found the Gods above,
 to ease her Pain no Cure apply'd,
 And *Strephon* backward of his love,
 then to herself *Parthenia* cry'd : [Fate,
 Amongst Woods and Hills I'll mourn my
 to them of all my Wrongs complain ;
 They'll pity this my wretched State,
 and eccho back my Woes again.

III.

Or to a pleasant myrtle shade,
 to ease my present Cares I'll go,
 A place which Nature only made,
 for Lovers to declare their Woe.
 There I'll ingrateful *Strephon* name,
 and tell the feather'd Quire my Care :
 And in harmonious Notes proclaim,
 the endless cause of my Dispair.

IV.

Each day within a silent Bow'r,
 with Arms across, I'll sighing Muse ;
 In private spend each restless hour,
 and busie Nature's Works peruse :
 But when the God of Sleep shall call,
 and all my pleasant Cares destroy,
 Upon the tender Grass I'll fall,
 and Dream of all my former joy.

V.

But when the glitt'ring God of day
 expands his warm and cheerful Beams,
 And guilds with his delightful Ray
 the flow'ry Meads and purling Streams ;
 Then Birds their lazy slumber scorn,
 delighted with a approaching day,
 And welcome in the glorious Morn,
 with notes will melt my cares away.

VI.

My dearest *Strephon*, Ah, Return !
 ye Gods with Love his Heart inspire,
 Ah, hear the wrong'd *Parthenia* mourn,
 and quench the Heart you've set on fire !
 If you continue thus unkind,
Parthenia must unhappy be.
 And to her last hour be confin'd
 within the bounds of misery.

VII.

Ingreateful *Strephon*, how could you
 the kind *Parthenia's* Love implore,
 Now causeless bid the Nymph adieu,
 whom you so highly lov'd before ?
 But when my tender Soul shall fly
 toth' lofty Regions of the Just,
 No thought of Love shall you enjoy
 when I lie stifled in the Dust.

THE Languishing Shepherd :

O R,

The Loss of Fair Lillia Lamented.

To an excellent new Tune much in request.

Licensed according to Order.



I.
When my Kids and my Lambs I treated,
and to Mountains did invite,
With clean Straw my Hurdle Sheated,
where I might repose all night :
Then free from Care I liv'd at Pleasure,
while my *Lillea* took her flight,
I at the Loss of such a Treasure,
all my other, all my other, all my other
(Flocks did flight.

II.
Through the Woods and the Groves I rambl'd
yet could never quit my fear ;
Birds methought on every Bramble,
whistle *Lillea* in my Ear ;
Yet I upon my heedless Rover ,
never once could fix my Eye ,
Which makes me now so often over, (cry.
Lillia, Lillia, Lillia, Lillia, Lillia, Lillia, Lillia

III.
Many long and tedious Hours
in the silent Groves I spend,
Searching all the shady Bowers
for my true entire Friend,
Yet alas! I cannot find her,
whose sweet Charms I do adore,
But am left in Grief behind her,
fishing, fishing, fishing, fishing, fishing
fishing evermore.

IV.
Never was a sweeter Creature
than my pleasant charming Fair ;
Could I in the Valleys meet her,
then adieu to all Despair :

Sorrows soon would be dispersed,
like a Mist, or Morning Cloud,
And a thousand Joys rehearsed,
for she's Loyal, she's Loyal, just and true to
(what she vow'd.

V.
Some ill Fortune hath attended
my beloved *Lillia*,
By which means her Life is ended,
or so long she'd never stay
From her Love who feels the Anguish
which my Heart do's now endure ;
She's too good to let me languish,
for her pleasant charming Beauty I am sure.

VI.
I have lost as great a Treasure ,
as the World did ever own ;
Riches, Honour, Peace, and Pleasure,
these all remain in her alone :
Kings in Diadems may Glory,
let me but her Charms behold ;
Crowns I count but Transitory,
Love is better, Love is better, Love is better
(worth than Gold.

VII.
Yet the Fates deny the Blessing
of the fairest Beauty bright,
Which is far beyond expressing
all my Joys have taken flight :
Sure some fatal stroke is given
that has kept my Love from me,
Therefore if she be not living,
let me, let me, let me, let me, let me dye as
(well as she.

An Excellent New Song, Called,
The Private Encounter
 Between Two Loyal Lovers.

Being Sung in the last New P L A Y, called, *The married Beau*



OH fye! what mean I Foolish Maid,
 In this remote and silent shade
 to meet with you alone;
 My Heart does with the place combine,
 And both are more your Friends than mine,
 And both are more your Friends than mine.
 Oh! oh! oh! I shall I shall I shall be undone,
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I would not fear,
 Or should I meet with Villains here,
 I to some Cave would run;
 But such enchanting Art you show,
 I cannot strive I cannot go,
 I cannot strive I cannot go,
 Oh oh oh I shall I shall I shall be undone,
 Oh oh oh oh I shall be undone.

Oh fye leave off this foolish fear,
 For I am glad to meet you here,
 and I must you enjoy:
 This silent Grove and pleasant shade,
 Were for true lovers Pastime made,
 Were for true lovers Pastime made,
 Then, oh then, do not, do not, do not me deny,
 Oh then, oh then, do not me deny.

Your Beauty can wild Monsters tame,
 And likewise Villains hearts inflame,
 that they will not annoy:
 Your looks, your eyes have charm'd me so,
 I have no power for to go,
 I have no power for to go, (enjoy.
 Come, come, come, I must, I must, I must thee
 Come, come, come, come, I must thee enjoy.

Ah give your sweet temptations o'er,
 I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more,
 What must we yet fool on?
 Ah now I yield, ah now I fall;
 Ah now I have no breath at all;
 Ah now I have no breath at all;
 And now, now I am, I am I am quite undone.
 Ah now now now I am quite undone.

'Tis none but you I can adore,
 Nay I must love you more and more,
 altho' for Love I die:
 My passion ever shall endure;
 My Love shall still be firm and pure,
 My Love shall still be firm and pure,
 And, &, &, in thy in thy in thy arms I'll lye,
 and and and and in thy arms I'll lye.

The Night-Walkers; Or, The Loyal HUZZA.

*Since Treason never wanted a Pretence,
Sure Vertues chiefest Guard is Innocence;
But Ple not trust her with it at this time,* *For fear I make my Innocence a Crime:
Imposing Man may Vertue backward draw,
Therefore Ple Guard her with a loud Huzza.*

To the Tune of, *On the Bank of a River, &c.*

THe Town is our own,
when the Streets are all clear;
We manage the humour,
and laugh at all fear;
Then down goes the Bully,
the Heck, and Night-Walker;
The whispering Cully,
and every loud Talker:
The Constable flies,
and his Club-men withdraw,
When they hear the fierce cries
of the dreadful Huzza:
The Constable, &c.

[2]

We neither do spare then,
Gown, Surplice, nor Sword,
But draw up our Forces,
and give them the Word:
Down down goes the Lawyer,
the Priest, and the Captain;
And woe to the House
that a Candle is kept in:
We'l make the Glas flye,
and the Pimps stand in awe,
When they hear the fierce cry
of the Dreadful Huzza:
We'l make the Glafs, &c.

[3]

Mistake us not neither,
for all our loud Huffing,
We'l scorn and abhor to
the Name of a *Russian*:
Our Prince we do Honour,
and all that are Loyal;
The Duke and his Interest,
but *Whigg* we defie all:
And those who'd change Kings,
without Reason or Law,
We'l make them to swing,
or observe our *Huzza*:
And those, &c.

[4]

If a Yea or a Nay,
or a brave of the Court,
Or a Canting soft Sister,
that's fit for the sport,
Down *Tabitha* goes then,
the Saint and the Wicked,
Tho' they'r Lungs are consum'd,

till they sing like a Cricket:
We'l make 'um strain high,
to declare for our Law,
And advance the fierce cry,
of the Dreadful Huzza:
WVe'l make, &c.

[5]

Huzza is the Word,
wherefoever we go,
We own not a Friend,
nor we fear not a Foe:
The Wine in our heads,
and the Sword in our hands,
Are able to baffle
The City Train'd-bands:
We scorn to subscribe
to your Reason or Law,
Since we have a Tribe
to maintain the *Huzza*:
WVe scorn, &c.

[6]

If we chance for to meet
with a party Bravading,
In Modish Harangues,
or in brisk Saranading;
Our Link-Boys doe summons
to silence their Piping,
Which straight they obey,
for fear of our Fighting:
The Squires and their Pipers,
submit and withdraw,
Whilst we give the Ladies
a swinging *Huzza*:
The Squires, &c.

[7]

Some Play, Swear, and Whore,
some do Plot, Pimp, and Pad,
Some Write till they'r laught at,
some Read till they'r Mad:
Some Rail and Lampoon,
- till their Wits are quite weary;
But on the *Huzza*,
we can never Miscarry:
We make the Rogues flye,
or imbrace our New Law,
And advance the fierce Cry
of the dreadful *Huzza*:
WVe'l make, &c.

F I N I S.

The Unthankful Servant :

O R,

A Scolding Match between Two *CRACKS* of the *TOWN*,
Margery Merrythought, and Nancy her Mistress, who taught her her Trade.

As they happened to meet near the *Piazza's* in *Covent-Garden*.

To the Tune of *If Love's a sweet Passion*.

Licensed according to Order.



I. (strange,
Well met, my dear Sister, you're grown very
For tho' every night thro' the City I range,
I have never beheld you this six Weeks or more ;
Have you such a full Trade at your Beldams own door,
Without taking of pains for to walk too and fro ?
It is well for you Margery, if it be so.

I I.
Why Nancy what makes you discourse at this rate,
It is very well known, that I ne'er want a Mate ;
I have Lawyers, young Merchants, fine Sparks of the Town,
That I need not go slaving, and trudge up and down,
'Tis enough for such threadbare poor Housewives as you,
To go cruising about for a Tester or two.

III.
You are but a Strumpet, your Friend to degrade,
Pray remember last Winter I learn'd you your Trade ;
And altho' you have had greater Fortune than I,
Yet a Friend you have found me, you cannot deny ;
When I took you with nothing both ragged and poor,
Nay, and lent you the Topping & Gown which you wore.

IV.
But Mistress, quoth Margery, be not so hot,
For the use of your Cloaths, you had half what I got,
Which amounted sometimes to a Crown in a day ;
Therefore I to my Grief did sufficiently pay
For the use of your Topping, black Patches and Fans,
And the best of my Work you took out of my hands.

V.
You are but a Hussy for telling me so,
They were none but my Quarterly Cullies you know ;
Honest Thomas the Barber, and Robin the Cook ;
Not a penny or farthing of Money I took ;
But I trusted till they did their Wages receive,
And at this I was told, You did constantly grieve.

VI.
'Tis false : pray remember the Counsellor's Clark,
Which I pick'd up my self near the Strand in the dark,
Then I brought him home, thinking no harm I declare,
I agreed for a Guinea, he liked my Ware :
But you ogled him up to your Chamber above ;
Thus I lost a good Booty, a Pox of your Love.

VII.
The reason of that I will presently clear,
He had been my own Cully full three or four year ;
He gives freely two Guineys, you bargain'd for one,
Now I then understanding streight what you had done,
I endeavour'd to get him from you in a trice,
I being resolved to keep up the Price.

VIII.
But how did you keep up the price, when you brought
Home a Taylor, who gave you no more than a Groat ?
It is very well known I ne'er wrought at that rate,
I would lye still a Month e'er a penny I'd bate
Of a Guinea, and that shall be honestly pay'd,
It is such Jilts as you that have run down the Trade.

IX.
You see my rich Topping both gaudy and gay,
I am Coach'd from a Tavern, a Ball, or a Play ;
Whilst you here in a Tawdry Dress walk the street,
And are glad of a 'Prentice, or whom you can meet ;
I'll not spend my Breath on you, and therefore adieu
'Tis a Scandal for me to stand talking to you.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and
J. Back.

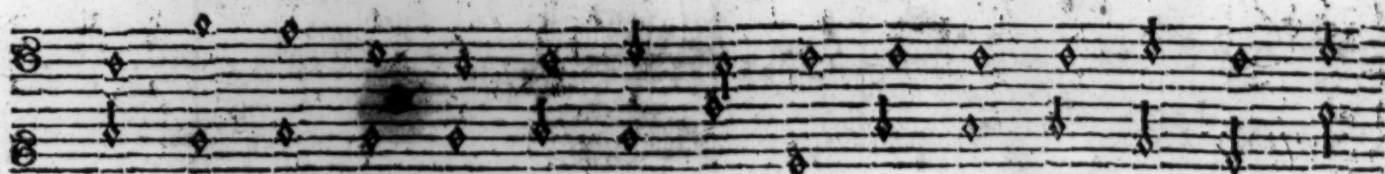
The Unkind Parents :

O R,

The Languishing Lamentation of two Loyal Lovers.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Licensed according to Order.



(1.)
Now fare thou well my Dearest Dear,
and fare thou well a while,
Altho' I go, I'll come again;
if I go ten thousand mile, Dear Love,
if I go ten thousand mile.

(2.)
Ten thousand miles is far, dear Love,
for you to come to me,
Yet I could go full ten times more,
to have thy company, dear Love,
to have thy, &c.

(3.)
Thou art my Joy and chief delight,
Love, leave me not behind,
If from my presence you take flight,
then are you most unkind, dear Love,
then art, &c.

(4.)
I cannot be unkind, my Dear,
my heart is link'd to thee;
But while on Shore I tarry here,
thy Friends does frown on me, dear Love,
thy Friends, &c.

(5.)
For they in Riches so abound,
that I am held in scorn;
This gives my heart a fatal wound,
which makes my life forlorn, dear Love,
which makes, &c.

(6.)
O cruel Parents, most unkind,
the cause of all my woe;
This parting to my grief I find,
will prove my overthrow, dear Love,
will prove, &c.

(7.)
If thou dost cross the roaring Seas,
into a Forreign Land,
My heart will never be at ease,
destruction is at hand, dear Love,
destruction, &c.

(8.)
O say not so, let patience guide
thy heart, and don't complain;
For tho' I cross the Ocean wide,
I may return again, dear Love,
I may, &c.

(9.)
Thy Parents that are so unkind,
who does our peace annoy,
May then be of another mind,
and Crown our days with Joy, dear Love,
and Crown, &c.

(10.)
If thou shouldst languish in distress
in Forreign parts alone;
Thy grief in Tears thou might'st express,
and I not hear thy moan, dear Love,
and I, &c.

(11.)
If solemnly you do ingage
to range perpetually,
I will in habit of a Page,
go through the world with thee, dear Love,
go through, &c.

(12.)
Ah! say not so my Charming Fair;
for why sweet Saint behold,
Thy tender nature cannot bear
the melting heat and cold, dear Love,
the melting, &c.

(13.)
Altho' I may in Deserts range,
my heart is linked fast;
Therefore my mind shall never change,
so long as life does last, dear Love,
so long, &c.

(14.)
Mountains and Rocks on wings shall fly,
and roaring Billows burn.
E're I will act Disloyalty;
then wait for my return, dear Love,
then wait, &c.

(15.)
Love, might I have a Lord or Earl,
the chief Nobility,
Who would deck me with Orient Pearl,
I'd fight them all for thee, dear Love,
I'd fight, &c.

(16.)
And even as the Turtle Dove
sits Cooing on a Tree,
For the return of her true Love,
so will I wait for thee, dear Love,
so will I wait for thee.

T H E

Quakerswantonwife,

O R,
The Frolicksome Young Beauty of a Sanctified Brother
belonging to the Bull and Mouth.

Tune of, *Let Mary live long.*

Licensed according to Order.

A Citizens Wife,
I am, I declare it,
I solemnly swear it;
I lead a sweet life
In Pleasure each day;
For I live at my ease,
And can walk wherel please,
To Play-house I go;
And as for my Husband,
And as for my Husband,
He dare not say no.

Five Hundred Pounds,
A Portion I brought him,
And faith I have taught him
His duty, and sound
Him willing to please,
Like a Servant I have,
My Admirine Slave,
He is brought to my bow,
If I'll have Rich Jewels,
If I'll have Rich Jewels,
He dare not say no.

My Doting Old Man
Is lately turn'd Quaker,
And I Cuckold maker,
May he do what he can,
My Frolicks I'll have,
Rich Topins I'll wear,
And Powdered hair,
Like a Lady I'll go,
My Husband the Quaker,
My Husband the Quaker,
He dare not say no.

In London I dwell,
Wherel at my pleasure,
Do Revel in Treasure,
I know very well
What pleases me best,
If I want a Rich Gown,
Nay the best in the Town,
To the Taylors I go,
My Husband the Quaker,
My Husband the Quaker,
He dare not say no.

I have been well bred,
And therefore dear Neighbour,
With no kind of labour
I trouble my head,
But take my delight;
I will still have the Reigns,
Let my Husband take pains,
While in pleasures I flow,
It is but his Duty,
It is but his Duty,
He dare not say no.

When ever I dine,
Rich Tent with Canary,
Nay Rennish and Sherry,
And all sorts of Wine
I have at the Board,
As I am a true wife,
O the Liquor of life
I love to see flow,
The Quaker my Husband,
The Quaker my Husband,
He dare not say no.

What if a brisk Blade
Should hapen to meet me,
And profer to treat me
Should I be afraid
to venture with him,
By my truth no not I,
But will freely comply,
To the Tavern I go,
The Quaker my Husband,
The Quaker my Husband,
He dare not say no.

It is not Yea and Nay
Shall e'er over rule me,
Or any ways fool me,
I will have my way
As sure as a Club,
Shall my Beautiful Charms,
In an Old Quakers Arms
Be frozen, faith no,
I will have my Humours,
I will have my Humours,
Abroad I will go.

Printed for J. Deason, at the Angel in Gault-Spur-street without
Newgate.

The Leicester-shire Tragedy:

OR, THE

Fatal Over-throw of two Unfortunate Lovers,

CAUS'D

By SUSANNA's Breach of Promise.

To the Tune of, *The Jealous Lover*: or, *The Languishing Swain*.

Y Oung Lovers most discreet and wise, Your Love you shall not long enjoy,
With bleeding heart and melting For since my Life you do destroy,
A sad Relation here I write, Eyes, When I have yielded up my breath,
Of one whose beauty shined bright: My Ghost shall haunt you after Death.

Susana Lynard, was her name,
To whom for Love young Gallants came,
Amongst the rest, a Yeoman's Son,
Who at the length her favour won.

To her he brought a Ring of Gold,
And said, My dearest Love behold,
Receive this Token now from me,
And let our hearts united be.

If I am false to thee, my Dear,
I wish that I may never here
One day of Joy or Comfort find;
Then Dearest never charge thy mind.

The youthf. I Damsel then reply'd,
If I refuse to be thy Bride,
Or falsifie the Vows of Love,
Let me a just Example prove.

Yet, notwithstanding what had past,
When a young Squire came at last,
Who did to her new Courtship make,
Her former Love she did forsake.

Now when her loyal Lover knew,
That she her Vows had bid adieu,
He went to her in woeful case,
But she'd not let him see her face.

Then like a dart, it pierc'd his heart,
He sighing said, And must we part?
Oh, most unconstant Wretch, he cry'd,
Sure Justice will be satisfy'd.

He waited till the Wedding-day,
When meeting her, he thus did say,
Tho' you shall with another wed,
You are my own alive or dead.

This said, he left the Perjur'd Bride,
And wander'd to a River-side,
Where the next Morning he was found,
Bath'd in his Blood upon the ground.

This Tydings to the Bride was brought,
Whose false heart his destruction wrought,
Her eyes did then like fountains run,
A loud she cry'd, What have I done!

My Vows comes fresh into my mind,
No Peace of Conscience can I find;
Alas, there's nothing left for me,
But the Reward of Perjury.

As she lamented night and day,
His bleeding Ghost was heard to say,
You shall not have an hour's rest,
For I will still your Joys molest.

The dreadful Visions of the Night,
Did fair Susanna so afright,
That she into a Fever fell,
And dying, said, False World farewell.

Young Men and Maids both far and near,
That shall this sad Relation hear,
See that you are not false in Love
For there's a Righteous God above,

Who will no doubt just Vengeance take
Of those that does no Conscience make,
When solemnly they Vow and Swear.
Henceforth false Lovers then beware.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, in Pye-corner.

The Discontented Lady :

A New SONG much in Request.

To a New Tune much in Request at Court and the Play-House.



I.

(Town,

How vile are the fordid Intreagues of the
cheating and lying perpetually sway,
From the blue cap to the politick gown,
a plotting and sctting they wast the day ;
All their Dilcourse is of Foreign Affairs,
The French and the Wars
Is always their Cry ;
Marriage alas ! is declining,
And I a poor Virgin lye pining,
a Curse of their Jarring, what Luck have I.

II.

I thought a young Trader by ogling Charms,
into my Conjugal Fetters to bring.
I planted my snare too, for one that lov'd Arms,
but found his Design was another thing.
From the Court Province down to the dull
Both Cullies and Wits, (Cits,
Of Marriage are shy ;
Great are the Sins of the Nation,
A Shame of the wretched Occasion,
a curse of the Monsieurs, what Luck have I.

III.

A Counsellor promis'd to give me a Fee,
and swore he would make me a Lady of Sport
But I was resolv'd not a Harlot to be,
if he could have made me Lass of the Court.
When that he saw how I was inclin'd,
And what I design'd,
He made me Reply,
Virgins alas ! are too cruel,
Oh ! be kind to me, my dear Jewel,
a curse of your whining I then did cry.

IV.

The next a young Seaman, of Honour and Fame,
he daily contrived my Love for to win ;
And swore if he could but my Favour obtain,
great Treasure & Riches unto me he'd bring :
But when he saw that I would not yield,
Unto him the Field,
Unless he would wed ;
He stood like a Man was enchanted,
Sure never was Seaman so daunted,
because I refus'd him my Maiden-head.

V.

Of late a young Scholar from Oxford did come,
whom for a Husband I thought to intrap ;
But I did find him too hard to be won,
which makes me complain at my cruel mis-
All Men alike of Marriage are shy, (hap :
Which makes me to cry,
A Shame of them all !
Thus to leave Wedlock declining,
And I a poor Virgin lye pining ;
when that my Request it is but so small.

VI.

The Counsellor, Soldier, and Country-man too,
daily from Tavern to Coffee-House go ;
There they do plot and contrive what to do,
which makes my poor Heart be so full of Woe :
They talk of Religion, though little they have ;
But how to live brave,
They always do strive,
And leave a poor Virgin complaining,
While they their Designs are obtaining,
Sure there is no honest Men scarce alive.

Printed for C. Bates, at the White Hart in West-Smithfield.

12 Beautifull MOGGY:

O R,
Scotch *J E M M T*'s Delight.

B E I N G

A brief Account of a late Wooing and Wedding at the
City of *Edinburgh*.

To the Tune of *The Female Trooper*.

Licensed according to Order.



I.

Moggy full as blithe and gay
As *Flora* in the Month of *May*;
Beautified with all the Charms of Love,
As ever Female boasted of.
Femmy went this Lass to Woove,
With Swerd, and Belt, and Bonnet blue;
With a noble Feather neat and trim,
Scarce a Scottish Laird was like to him.
Prithee be free, my Dear, said he,
For to suffer me to lig by thee,
Till next day Noon; she answer'd soon,
I'll never yield to sike a Loon.

II.

Moggy I has Gold and Pearl,
The which I'll freely give my Girl;
Rings, and Jewels, nay, and all that's mine,
For the blest'd minute I'd resign;
Therefore do not answer no,
But muckle Love and Kindness show;
For thy Beauty doth my Heart surprize,
It is wounded by those charming Eyes;
Thy Beauty bright is my Delight,
For the sake of which the World I flight;
Sike Lads as thee I'll never see,
Dearest, be but loving, kind, and free.

III.

I'll be a Laird of muckle Fame,
Who from the Town of *Glasgow* came,
For to kiss and court my charming fair,
With whom the World cannot compare:
Grant me but a Night's Repose,
Close by thy side, my blushing Rose,

Till the Morning Sun doth gild the Grove,
Where we will both dissolve in Love;
There in my Arms, *Cupid's* Alarms,
Shall invite us to those tempting Charms,
Which shall agree with thee and me,
And next Morning both we'll Married be.

IV.

Femmy prithee now forbear,
I'll can avoid thy tempting Snare;
For I tell thee there is not a Loon,
That shall attain my Love so soon:
Tho' you are a Scottish Laird,
Your Glory I'll not regard,
Never any shall lig by my side,
Till I be made a lawfull Bride:
Should you obtain, what you would fain,
I'll alas! in Sorrow might remain;
Yet e'er I'll try your Constancy,
Here a Maiden I will live and dye.

V.

Femmy found he could not have,
What he so earnestly did crave;
This his Loyal Love inflam'd the more,
So that her Charms he did adore,
And strait he gave her Heart and Hand,
No longer they disputing stand,
But unto the Kirk resolv'd to go,
Since she was free it should be so:
Scotch Lairds was there, and Ladies fair,
Yet not any Beauty could compare,
With the sweet Bride, who Thousands ey'd,
Counting her the Scottish Kingdom's Pride.

F I N I S.

The Hackney Damfells PASTIME,

OR,

A Summer Evening FROLICK.

To a pleasant new Tune, much in Request.

This may be Printed, R.P.



[1]
ONE Evening, in hot weather,
I through a Grove did pass,
And saw two Maids together,
sit sporting on the grass:
I stood a while and ey'd them,
They little thought who spy'd them.
Whilst they were imitating
What I'll forbear relating.

[2]
When their Pastime was over,
I gently trod the green,
To surprise them and discover,
that their Frolick I had seen:
The one more nimble sighted
She run as if she was frighted;
The other not surmizing,
I caught her just a Rising.

[3]
And down again I pluckt her,
whilst she cry'd she upon't;
And quickly did instruct her
In what young Maidens want.
The other at a distance,
Came not to her assistance;
But stamping, stood and said,
Ah Moll, you're a wicked Jade.

[4]
You foolish Girl, come hither
And do as I have done;
I'm sure that you had rather
be kiss'd, than let alone:
He hath gotten in his Breeches
For Maids, a bag of Riches,
Which when you've in possession,
You'll think it no transgression.

[5]
With that the Wench drew nigher,
and I to meet her run;
Whose heart was set on fire
with standing to look on.
I on the grass did throw her,
And soon began to show her,
The pleasing toyle of Nature,
That's lov'd by every Creature.

[6]
She every moment kiss'd me,
and claspt me in her Arms;
And cry'd, ye powers assist me,
to exercise new Charms,
Whilst we our Joys were sharing,
The other she sat staring;
Which put me in mind to think on,
How the Devil look'd o'er Lincoln.

[7]
When our delights were over
she blushing to me cry'd,
Good Sir, do not discover
what freedoms you've enjoy'd,
For when my Mistress knows it,
She'll take me to her Closet,
And beats me in her Anger
For kissing with a stranger.

[8]
I all assurance gave her,
I'd keep it in my breast;
She ask'd me if I'd have her,
I answer'd yes in Jest:
The other in a fury:
Cry'd, Oh you idle Whore you,
He's a Man that I have right in,
And so they fell to fighting.

THE Ufurers Daughters Reply,

OR,
FLOROMELLAS Answer to PHAON.

To a Pleasant New Play-House Tune.



Now young tempting Phaon you shall have your
Floramella does your mind fulfill, (prey,
And though Gold could never force me to obey,
freely I consent unto your will :
Were my Beauty under twenty Locks kept fast,
Love should Pick them, and break through at last.
*While Dads find us missing, Kissing we will lye,
Let them keep in Bondage Baggs on high,
My Gentle Charming Phaon minutes shall not dye,
Money shall not part my Love and I.*

II.

Loves sweet gentle Spring shall always fresh remain,
and our Lips redouble Blows of ease,
Phaon ne'r shall find from me a dull disdain,
for I'll teach how Maids shall men appease :
Love on Downie Pillows e'ry night shall rest
Upon Floramellas Tender Breast.
While Old, &c.

III.

There's no Man so dull but has for us desire,
and with Blushing-Virgins would be bold,
Of attempting for to raise a wanton Fire,
when they find us like the Winter Cold :
And though Maidens hearts are like Unpolisht-steel.
By Mens art and Labour, smother feel.
While Old, &c.

IV.

Beauty was Created for the Lovers aid,
else a Lovely Image does but prove,
And no Liveless Statue, but a Lively Maid,
the young brisk and bonny wantons Love :

Though Pigmaliions Mistris made of Stone & Art,
Once did Captivate her Makers heart.
While Old, &c.

V.

Phaon shall lie safe in Floramellas arms,
and possess that Bliss that Gods admire,
Circled in a thousand gay and pleasing Charms,
that in Hermits might create a Fire :
As fair Venus with Adonis us'd to toy,
When she once did Court that Beauteous Boy.
While Dads, &c.

VI.

A long lasting Night to us will seem but short,
for the light-foot hours post away,
Fly away too soon, whilst Lovers make their Court,
thus the Mad-Cap Night brings on the day :
And the day would soon reveal our sweet Delight,
But the Stars will tell no Tales by night.
While Dads, &c.

VII.

Thus thy Floramella on her Phaons Cheek,
all the sweet Delights of Love will tast,
There for Cupids Bow and arrows I will seek,
and the winged Hours will not wast :
All my Coynefs shall be melted, and be gone,
Like the Mountain Snow with mid-day Sun.
*While Dads find us missing, Kissing we will lye,
Let them keep in Bondage Baggs on high,
My gentle Charming Phaon minutes shall not dye,
Money shall not part my Love and I.*

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. L. S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, in Pye-Corner.

The Jolly Chair-Men.

O R,

An Excellent New Song in praise of their Employment, which is to be Preferr'd before Coaches, for the ease of those that cannot bare Jumbling.

Tune is, *Here I Love, there I Love, &c.*

Licensed according to Order.



Come listen well to a Jocular Song,
The which does to honest stout Chair-men belong,
Who Plys at St. James's and near to White-Hall.
Where Gallants for Chair-men do commonly call.

When Ladies of Pleasure, would visit a Friend,
Why then for a Chair-man they hastily send,
Who does the young Miss to her Gallant convey,
Where they in their wanton Embraces may play.

When ever she lights of a Booty, O then,
She's not ungrateful to honest Chair-men,
But throws them a shilling for waiting a while,
Of which she has earn'd by her labour and toyl.

The Gallant whose Pockets are lined with Gold,
He will all the Pleasures of Nature behold,
The Chair-men are sent for to hoist them away,
From Jilting, to Tennis-Court, Park, or the Play.

Like Slaves through the street we run trudging together
With this huffing Spark in our Cabbin of Leather,
While thus he does Revel in Pleasure, perhap,
He loses his Money but meets with a Clap,

To houses of Pleasure we trudge on together,
To carry the Sinners in Chairs made of Leather,
Where the wit, and the money and vigour all spent,
Full late they come Home, and as late they repent.

But if th's should happen 'tis nothing to us,
You very well know that our Chair's ne're the worse,
A Puritan Sister next way in our Chair,
We carry indeed a kind Brother to hear.

Chair, Chair, crys the Foot-man, away we all run,
And happy are they that the Race have first won,
Then in steps the Hector, claps hat upon knee,
For none makes a Figure so modish as he.

This Foppish Young Spark in a garb shall appear,
As if he was one of ten thousand a year,
When may be he ha'n't so much Coin in his Purse,
That for our hard Labour should satisfie us.

VVith many a fat Gut, and damn'd heavy load,
Like poor Beasts of Burthen we travel the Road,
Away we trudge with him full many a score,
His Carcass weighs much, but his sins do weigh more.

VVe carry the Ladies who carry again,
VVe take up both Sexes, they only the men;
They are no great burthen, we run with a slight,
Since women ye know for the most part are light.

VVhen Lady to Lady their visits do pay,
VVe Chair-men have business enough for that day,
Surrounded with Foot-men some less and some more,
VVe carry his Honour to visit his VVhore,

There is not a Coach in the world can compare,
VVith these Chairs of Leather, for why I declare,
For Coaches o'er Kennels do roar it like Thunder,
As if they would shake an Old sinner in funder.

For there is some Gallant's has had 'em of late.
And these can't endure to be Jowl'd at that rate,
A Chair then is call'd for to ride through the Town,
The which are as easie as beds of soft down.

To the Court and the Play-house we carry our fair,
Crack'd, Sound, and unsound, and all sorts of VVare,
VVe carry the Lacy, Proud, Gout, and the Pox,
And live by the carrying of Jack in a Box.



§ 3 2 3 5.

Capt. Johnlonslast Farewel:

Who was arraigned for being assisting in the stealing a young Heirefs, for which he received Sentence of Death, and was accordingly Executed at Tyburn, the 23d. of this instant December, 1690.

To the Tune of *Ruffel's Farewel.*

Licensed according to Order.



1.
You noble Lords of high Degree,
that see my dismal Doom,
Have some regard to pity me,
who now, alas! am come
To dye an ignominious Death,
as well it doth appear;
While I declare with my last Breath,
the Laws are most severe.

2.
In Scotland was I bred, and born
of noble Parents there;
Good Education did adorn
my Life, I do declare:
No Crime did e'er my Conscience stain,
till I adventured here;
Thus have I reason to complain
the Laws are most severe.

3.
In Flanders I the French have fac'd,
likewise in Ireland,
Still eagerly pursu'd the Chace
with valiant Heart and Hand:
Why was not I in Battel slain,
rather than suffer here
A Death which Mortals doth disdain:
the Laws are most severe.

4.
I did no hurt nor wrong intend,
I solemnly protest;
But meerly for to serve my Friend,
I granted his Request,
To free his Lady out of Thrall,
his Joy and only Dear;
And now my Life must pay for all,
the Laws are most severe.

5.
I coming from my Native Land,
in this unhappy time,
Alas! I did not understand
the Nature of the Crime;
Therefore I soon did condescend,
as it doth well appear,
And find therein I did offend,
the Laws are most severe.

6.
In the same Lodging where I lay,
and liv'd at Bed and Board,
My Landlord did my Life betray
for Fifty Pounds Reward:
Then being into Prison cast,
altho' with Conscience clear,
I was arraigned at the last,
the Laws are most severe.

7.
The Lady would not hear my moan,
while dying Words I sent;
Her cruel Heart more hard than stone,
could not the least relent;
But triumph in my wretched State,
as I did often hear;
I fall here by the Hand of Fate,
the Laws are most severe.

8.
Will not my good and gracious King
be merciful to me?
Is there not in his Breast a Spring
of Princely Clemency?
No, not for me, alas! I dye,
the Hour's drawing near;
To the last Minute I shall cry
the Laws are most severe.

9.
Farewel dear Country-men, said he,
and this tumultuous Noise;
My Soul will soon transported be
to more Cœlestial Joys;
Tho' in the Blossom of my Youth,
pale Death I do not fear;
For to the last I'll speak the Truth,
the Laws are most severe.

10.
Alas! I have not long to live,
and therefore now, said he,
All that have wrong'd me I forgive,
as God shall pardon me;
My Landlord, and his subtle VVife,
I do forgive them here:
Farewell this transitory Life;
the Laws are most severe.

Oxford-shire BETTY:

Containing her Joaking Letter to ^{7K}TOM the TAYLOR,
near Tower-Street; who she has fairly left in the Lurch, and married
with a Parson. *Tune of, I love you more and more each day.*



Poor Tom the Taylor don't lament,
because I now am marry'd;
To you this Letter I have sent,
and tell you that I tarry'd,
Too long for such a Knave as you,
who has no Sense or Breeding:
I pray look on this Line or two,
this Line or two,
you'll find it worth your reading.

I have in order here set down,
your wonderful Expences;
Yet never let it crack your Crown,
nor rob you of your senses:
Do not like one distracted Muse,
such Fools there are too many,
Yet Sense and Wit you cannot loose,
you cannot loose,
because you ne'er had any.

You courted me, I most confess,
in famous London City;
And when you made your first Address,
it was exceeding Witty.
I prithee Betty, what's a Clock?
or some such fine Expression:
This shew'd you had a swinging Stock,
a swinging Stock
of Wisdom and Discretion.

I tell you Tom, I han't forgot,
how you did vow you'd treat me;
Yet I was forc'd to pay the Shot,
when ever you did meet me:
What May-pole Faces would you make,
and sighing, cry, Dear Hony,
Supply my wants for pitty sake,
for pitty's sake,
alais! I have no Mony.

I'd strive to keep you from Disgrace,
that you might not be slighted,
When other Persons was in place,
where we was both invited:
I'd slip a Shilling in your hand,
because of your Submission;
For I full well did understand,
did understand,
a Taylor's poor Condition.

When I to Oxford-shire did go,
where Pleasures I am reaping;
That news I would not let you know,
for fear you wou'd fall a weeping:
I did from London Town remove,
according to Discretion,
Because I knew I could not love,
I could not love,
a Man of your Profession.

You are a pack of nasty Curs,
in e'ry long Vacation,
You feed so much on Cucumers,
you'd poyson half the Nation:
And Gabbidge all the Year beside,
of which you are no Failer,
What Woman can lye by the side?
lye by the side,
of a Mechanick Taylor.

My Husband is a Clergy-man,
of worthy Birth and Breeding;
I wear my Topping, Lace, and Fan,
and am on Daintys feeding:
Thus do I lead a splended Life,
continual Joys receiving;
Then who would be a Taylor's Wife?
a Taylor's Wife,
whose Husbands live by Theiving.

Printed for C. Bates, next the Crown Tavern, in West-Smithfield.

Constant Coxidon;

O R,

Coy CLORINDA's unspeakable Cruelty.

To an Excellent New Tune: Or, *See yonder she Swims, &c.* Licensed according to Order.



1.

ONE Morning in pleasant weather,
a Heavenly sight was seen,
Young Goddesses met together,
upon a Delightful Green,
On Lutes they were sweetly playing
Which then did most pleasant prove,
I felt in an hours staying,
the violent flames of Love.

2.

No Minnaway Dance, or Boree,
was ever so sweet a strain,
Now while I beheld the Glory
of *Flora's* delightful Train,
My senses was soon surrounded,
these Eyes I could not remove,
Untill my poor heart was wounded,
with Violent flames of Love.

3.

Clorinda the sweetest Creature,
on her did I fix my Eyes,
Whilst viewing each Charming feature,
my senses she did surprise,
For ever I will adore her,
I swear by the powers above,
I'll honour no Nymph before her,
if that she will grant me Love.

4.

Then coming with all submission,
unto my sweet Charming Saint,
Delivering my Petition,
With sorrowful sad Complaint,
Desiring she'd behold me,
who ever would Loyal prove,
With Angry frowns she told me,
She never did mean to Love.

5.

With Languishing heart I waited,
to Conquer and win the field;
And every truth related,
my Passion I ne'er conceal'd:
Then proffering to advance her,
if that she would constant prove,
But straight she return'd this Answer,
she never did mean to Love.

6.

Her Conquering Eyes hath wounded
my innocent melting heart,
In sorrow I am surrounded,
I never felt greater smart,
When ever I chance to meet her,
and tell her I'll Loyal prove,
She frowns when I do intreat her,
and vows she will never love.

7.

She's fled to the Shades and left me,
by Conquering Beauty slain,
Of Glory and Joy bereaft me,
true Love is a killing pain,
My Heart it is wrack'd in sunder,
no pity that Saint will move,
Distraction I here lye under,
by violent flames of Love.

8.

I find her both Coy, and Cruel,
which Tortours me day and night;
Yet I must adore that jewel,
although she distroys me quite,
My fancy can no ways waver,
for ever I'll Loyal prove
And dye if I may not have her,
by violent flames of Love.

An Excellent new Song, Call'd
The Fairy Queen,
 O R,
The merry Companions,



Sing, sing whilst we trip it, trip trip it,
 trip trip it upon the Green,
 Let no ill vapours rise or fall
 Let no ill Vapours rise or fall,
 No nothing, no nothing offend,
 Let nothing offend our Fairy Queen,
 Let nothing, let nothing, let nothing,
 Let nothing offend our Fairy Queen.

The Queen is a coming, come coming,
 Come coming with all her Train,
 Let's hand and Dance a Round for Joy,
 Let's hand and dance a Round for Joy
 While Musick, while Musick does sound
 While Musick does sound upon the Plain,
 While Musick, while Musick, while Musick
 While Musick does sound upon the Plain.

Now let us be singing, sing singing, sing
 singing in praise of the Queen,
 Her beauty does excell the World,
 Her beauty does excell the World,

No Goddess, no Goddess so fair,
 No Goddess so fair is to be seen,
 No Goddess, no Goddess, no Goddess,
 No Goddess so fair is to be seen.

All Joy to the fair one, the fair one,
 The fair one our Gracious Queen,
 She is the chief of Loves delight,
 She is the chief of Loves delight,
 Let no one, let no one offend,
 Let no one, offend her on the Green,
 Let no one, let no one, let no one,
 Let no one offend her on the Green.

Come, let us all follow, fol follow, fol
 Follow our Queen each way,
 Let it be to the Woods or Plain,
 Let it be to the Woods or Plain,
 We'll trip it, we'll trip it along,
 We'll trip it along till break of day,
 We'll trip it, we'll trip it, we'll trip it,
 We'll trip it along till break of day.

London Printed and Sold by T. Moore.

T H E Old CAVALIER:

To an Excellent New TUNE. ⁷

Licensed according to Order.



(I.)

HE that is a clear
Cavalier,
will not repine;
Though his Treasure grow, so very low,
he cannot get Wine:
Fortune is a Lass,
She will imbrace,
and destroy;
Free-born Loyalty, will ever be,
Sing *Vive le Roy*;
Vertue is her own Reward,
and Fortune is a Whore;
There's none but Knaves and Rogues regard
and doth her pow'r implore:
He that is a Trusty Roger,
and will serve his King;
If that he be a Ragged Souldier,
he will skip and sing:
But they that Fight for love,
Doth in way of Honour move;
While they that make sport of us
May become short of us;
'Faith we'll flatter them,
And will scatter them,
When that Loyalty
Waits on Royalty;
They that wait peacably,
May be successfully
Crown'd with Crowns at last.

(II.)

Firmly let us then
Be Honest Men,
and stick to Fate;
We shall live to see, true Loyalty;

valued at a high rate:

He that bears a Sword;
Or a Word,
against the Throne,
Or prophanely prate, to wrong the State;
hath no Title to his own.

What tho' the painted Plumes and Players
are the prosperous Men;
Yet we'll attend our own Affairs,
when we come to't agen:
Treachery may be fac'd with light;
or Leather lin'd with Fur;
A Cuckold may preferment get,
'tis *Fortune de la Gur*.

But what is that to us,
Since we are all Honest Men?
We'll Conquer and come again;
Beat up the Drum again:
Hey! for Cavaliers,
Ho, for Cavaliers,
Joy for Cavaliers,
Pray for Cavaliers:
Dub a dubb, dub a dubb,
Have at old Belzebub,
Presbyter stinks for fear:

' *Fanaticks* they shall down,
And every Rebel-Clown,
We'll Rally and to't again;
Give them the Rout again:
When they come again,
Charge them home again,
Fly like Light about,
Face to the Right about,
Tan tara rara Tan,
This is the Life of an
honest Old CAVALIER

Printed for G. Bates, next the Crown-Tavern in West-Smithfield.

The London-Libertine:

O R,

The Lusty GALLANT

New Ingenious Way of Living.

To the Tune of, *The Ginny wins her.*

I Am as bold a Hector,
 As most is in the Nation,
 Inflam'd with smiling Nectar,
 Then, then, to Admiration,
 I Court the Ladies fair and gay,
 'Tis in vain for them to say me nay;
 I first ador'd their Charms,
 Then clasp them in my Arms,
 And tho' perchance they cry,
Be Civil, Sir, O fie!
 Yet still they'll panting lye,
 For they, they, do love a little wanton play.

There is not one in twenty,
 Has power to deny me,
 I give them Kisses plenty,
 Then strait they sit down by me;
 Let her be Widow, Maid or Wife,
 For a time I love as dear as life;
 If she be young and fair,
 There's no degree I spare,
 From Ladies of Renown,
 In City, Court and Town,
 To Nancy's Ruffet-gown,
 I go, go, this seven Years it has been so.

There never was a Squire,
 That could the least out-vie me;
 Long Wigg and rich Attire,
 I can afford to buy me:
 For while the Merchant walks the *Change*,
 I can in his little Warren range,
 And freely play the Game,
 Which I forbear to name;
 And when the Sport is o'er,
 There's a reward in store,
 Bright Ginneys half a score,
 Thus I, I, have evermore a full supply.

There's five or six and thirty,
 Young Dames that do adore me,
 And faith, I can't be durty,
 when they in Tears implore me,
 For something which I have to give,
 If I am, then never let me live;
 Like to the tender Dove,
 I'll grant them Love for Love,
 Tho' Beauty wanting be,
 If there be Ginneys free,
 'Tis all a case to me,
 I'll mow, mow, 'Tis Money makes the Mare to go.

A Tailor's Wife, poor Woman,
 One Morning chance to meet me,
 Her Husband he was no Man,
 Therefore she did intreat me
 To stand her friend in time of need,
 Saying, *It was a charitable Deed;*
 Besides, she laid me down,
 Two Ginneys and a Crown:
Here's all I have, she cry'd,
I hant a Groat beside,
Let me not be deny'd,
Kind Sir, Sir, my Husband is a poor Tailor.

The Gold I did admire,
 'Twas brighter than her Beauty,
 I could not well deny her,
 But straight I did my Duty;
 And in three quarters of a Year,
 She had a young Son and Daughter dear;
 Which makes her Heart full glad,
 The Tailor he's a Dad,
 As well he may suppose;
 He little thinks sweet *Rose*,
 Is one of my dear Does,
 But sweet Soul, she is the leventh in my Role.

L O N D O N: Printed for J. Science, in the Great-Old-baily.

Constant CLORIS:

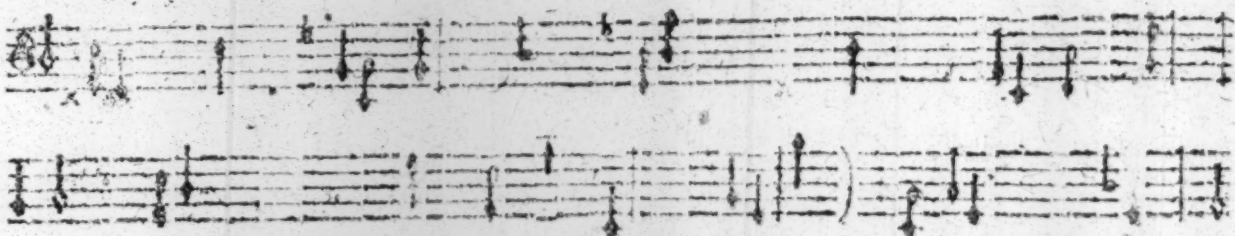
O R,

K

Her lamentation for Mirtillo.

Who was killed in Ireland, before he was Married
to her, and she for Grief and Dispair stabbed her self.

To the Tune of, *Celia that I once was blest.* Licensed according to Order.



1.

Cloris in a Mirtle Grove,
Sat bemoaning of her love
To the Turtles, on the mirtles,
Pearching on the twigs above;
She unto them thus lay crying,
Come and see a Lover dying.
She unto, &c.

2.

My Mirtillo he is dead,
His soul to the Elezium's fled,
You that Cooing set and Wooing,
View me on my gloomy bed;
O kind Death thy dart is killing,
And my soul with sorrows filling.
O kind, &c.

3.

I implore thee make me blest,
Rob no more my soul of rest,
For delaying's worse than staying,
waft me to Mirtillo's breast;
O Mirtillo where thou'rt roaming,
My impatient soul is coming.
O Mirtillo, &c.

4.

Dear Mirtillo is withdrawn
To an Everlasting dawn,
He hath left me, and bereft me
Of those Eyes I doted on;
But I will not stay behind him,
I will seek him till I find him.
But I will, &c.

5.

I'll pursue his lovely Ghost,
And rush among the Crying Host,
Ne're abhor him, but seek for him
On the sweet Elezium Coast,

For Mirtillo I'll Enquire,
By my looks display my fire,
For Mirtillo, &c.

6.

My hated hours slowly pass,
Come Death dissolve this loathsome mass
Time is mowing, hours going,
Yet there's minutes in my glass,
But Mirtillo I will shake it,
For revenge my self will break it,
But Mirtillo, &c.

7.

My eager soul shall pass away,
To live in Everlasting Day,
My Mirtillo, by the willow,
Does bewail my tedious stay,
Love does always hate delaying,
Where 'tis first is no gainfaying.
Love does, &c.

8.

Then a bloody knife she took,
And with a gashly dying look,
Her heart she pierced, love rehearsed,
And this life she soon forlook,
Weltering in her gore she cried,
Dear Mirtillo, and so died.
Weltering in her, &c.

9.

Fortune had no sooner fround,
And she receiv'd the fatal Wound,
But the Turtles on the Mirtles,
Was with grief incompast round,
And the small Birds mournful singing,
Was her Pasing-Bell then ringing.
And she, &c.

FINIS

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye-Corner.

24

THE Dissatisfied SUBJECT.

O R,
Cobetousness, the Destruction of Religion, and Loyalty.

To the Tune of, Let Mary live long.

License daccording to Order.



I.

BEhold in this Age
the loose and perfidious
are seeming Religious :
They swear to engage
The Truth to defend :
while they thrive and groin,
they will go thorough-stitch,
Like right honest Men :
yet touch but their Mammon,
yet touch but their Mammon,
And where are they then ?

II.

If the Army this day,
the noble Commanders,
and Hero's of *Flanders*,
Wou'd fight without Pay,
And venture their Lives :
if the King cou'd do all
without Taxes at all,
'Tis like they would own,
he was the best Monarch,
he was the best Monarch,
As ever was known.

III.

The King they love well,
and likewise the Nation,
without disputation,
Our Foes they'd expell
At home and abroad ;
nay the Troops they'd enlarge,
cou'd it be without Charge,
For a Cause so divine :
but tell them of Taxes,
but tell them, &c.
And then they repine.

IV.

Nay Presbyter *Jack*,
that zealous Professor,
and loyal Addressor,
He'll stand to his Tack,
As tite as a Drum :
but at length he grows cold;
when he parts with his Gold,
From him and his Heirs,
the which he admires
the which he admires
Much more than his Prayers.

V.

Religion's the Cry,
yet there are not many
that ever had any
I tell you ; for why
There's little they mind,
but to rant, roar and sing,
and cry, *God save the King*.
Then off with their Drink,
is this true Religion ?
is this true Religion ?
Sirs, What do you think ?

VI.

One swears by his Soul,
that he's no Philistine,
but 'Zounds a good Christian;
Then takes off his Bowl,
And swears like a Lord,
that he loves the old way,
for to read as they pray :
'Tis ease for the Brain,
and when it is ended,
and when, &c.
To drinking again.

VII.

Now therefore between
the huffing young Hector,
and *Jack* the Projector,
In this present Scene,
Religion is tost
like a Foot-ball about,
there's not many devout,
We find to our Cost ;
which makes us imagine,
which makes, &c.
That Honesty's lost.

VIII.

Lets pray for the King;
let Blessings attend him,
and Heaven defend him,
That under his Wing
We see happy days ;
when the Storm is blown o'er,
we shall flourish once more,
In spight of our Foes,
let Angels still guard him,
let Angels still guard him,
Where-ever he goes.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back,

The Happy Shepherd:

The Young Gallants Courtship to his Coy Lady:
To a pleasant New Tune, Sung in the last New Opera.



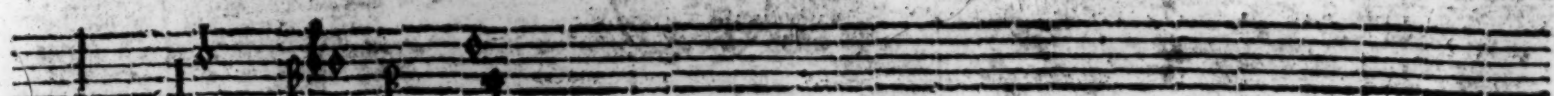
How blest are shepherds, how happy their Lasses, while Drums and Trumpets sounding



Allarms: Over our lowly sheeps all the storm passes, and when we dye, 'tis in each others



Arms: All the Day on our Herds and Flocks employing, All the Night on our Flutes,



and in enjoying.

(2)

Bright Nymphs of Bittain, with graces attended,
let not your Days without pleasure expire;
Honour's but empty, when your youth is ended,
all Men will praise you, but none will desire:
Let not Youth fly away without contenting,
Age will come time enough for your repenting.

(3)

In shady Bowers and tender Embraces,
fairest Aurelia her Swain does enjoy
Although with Beauty the Valleys she graces,
yet she disdain's to be froward and coy:
Thus they the height of all Joys are possessing,
Neither denying each other the blessing.

(4)

This is no more than a true Lovers duty,
to quench those passionate flames when they burn,
Both Kings and Princes are Conquer'd by Beauty,
no private Armour Love's Arrows can turn:
Since Charms has such irresistible power,
Ladies, O do not your true Loves devour.

(5)

Tho' Youth and Beauty like Blossoms are blooming,
and Goddess-like you appear on the Stage;
Like fading Flowers those Charms are consuming,
which hastens on the cold Winter of Age:
In time admire Loves innocent pleasure,
Lest at length you repent it at leisure.

(6)

Are not young Ladies for Men to admire,
and that they freely are to be enjoy'd?
Then be not cruel, but grant my desire,
let not thy languishing Love be destroy'd:
Like a true Lover I dearly adore thee,
And for one smile could here fall down before thee.

(7)

Both State and Triumph, Sweet Saint, shall attend thee,
like a Court-Lady of Fame and Renown;
And while rich Presents, as Tokens, I send thee,
thy head young Cupid with Garlands shall crown:
No kind of sorrow or grief shall annoy thee,
Both Crowns and Scepters I'd leave to enjoy thee.

Printed for C. Bates, at the White-Hart in West-Smitfield.



The Powder of Simpathy, Prepared at Florence, by Dominico Gratiano, Grician.

THIS most excellent Powder stancheth all manner of Bleeding, present, and at a distance, by applying the least Grain of it upon the Blood, taken in a clean Handkerchief or Rag, it stops it immediately, though it bleeds never so fast, let the Accident be what it will, a Vein cut, or a cut with a Sword, Knife, Axe, thrust with a Rapier, Bleeding at the Nose, Bloody-Flux, or bleeding inwardly, and Women after Child-bearing, or any other excels of Bleeding whatsoever: Take five or six drops of the Blood in a piece of clean Cloth, put a little of the Powder on it, then put up the Cloth in a warm decent place, it stops it to Admiration; and if the Blood is brought a far off, and it is dried up coming to far, warm a little Water, and moisten the Blood on the Cloth, then apply the Powder, it stops it, if it comes to, or 500, or 100 Miles off; and not only stops Bleeding, but also, if it be a Wound, or Cut, it takes away the Pain, and cures the Wound without Plaster. Then that are troubled with the Tooth-ach, bleed your Gums two or three drops in a clean Rag, and apply the Powder, it takes away the Pain immediately.

He has also another most Admirable Powder for Women in Labour, that causeth a speedy and safe Delivery.

The Powder of *Simpathy* is Sealed up in Boxes, and Papers, with the *Eagle and Child*: 2 s. 6 d. the Box, and 1 s. the Paper.

He has also all sorts of Medicines for all Curable Diseases, if you please to come to his Chamber.

He Lodges at the Sign of the

Street,



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He Lodges at the Sign of the

in

Street,

The Scotch Lasses Choice,

O R,

Jennys Love for Jockeys Kindnes:

An Excellent New Song, much in Request.

To a pleasant New Scotch Tune.



I.

Long Cold Nights, when Winter-Frozen,
Jockyes head lay on my Bosom;
Now each wanton Lass pursues him,
Ah-wa's-me, that I must loose him:
Sawney and Femmy came often to try me,
Philly and Willy would fain ligg by me;
But, alas! they do but Teaze me,
Jockey he alone can please me.

II.

When he Writes his Love in Meeter,
When he Sings to make it sweeter,
To the Clouds my Soul was driv'n,
Then I thought my self in Heaven;
Fether and Methers that knew little of it,
Woo'd me, and su'd me, to Wed for profit;
But had Fate been bad or lucky,
He wou'd ne'r forsake poor Jockey.

III.

Wot ye weel why I adore him,
Wou'd you know why Ise dye for him?
He was young, and blith, and bonny,
And cou'd love the best of any:
When Ise was lying in dying condition,
Jockey wou'd still be my best Physician;
Though the Doctor ne'r cou'd please me,
He had still a Doze wou'd ease me.

IV.

In his Arms he wou'd infold me,
And he there so fast would hold me,
That Ise hardly cou'd get from him,
May geud Fortune light upon him.

With Kisses and blisses my heart reviving,
Philly and Willy they fain wou'd deprive him
Of my Love, to him so mickle,
But geud faith, Ise not so fickle.

V.

Sawney fine as any Leard too,
With a blew Bonnet and Sward too;
Woo'd me, and wou'd fain have led me
To the Kirk, there for to Wed me:
Gin Fether and Methers they both consented,
But Ise fear'd Ise should after repent it;
To Marry wou'd be Unlucky
Any but my neane sweet Jockey.

VI.

But ah-wa's-me, Ise am fearful,
And cannot be glad and Chearful;
The Lasses make like a doing,
And my Jockey from me Wooing; (him
They wou'd if they cou'd, by their kindness move
Molly and Dolly too, vow they do love him;
If Jockey is from me flying,
Ah-wa's-me, then Femmy's dying.

VII.

But Jockey vow'd by his Bonnet,
He'd Wed me what e're came on it;
Without the consent of either,
My Old Fether or my Methers:
For be they willing or no, He ne'r tarry,
But as soon as I can, my Jockey Marry:
Then wee's both will ligg together,
And ne'r matter the Cold Weather.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. B.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Giltspur-street, without Newgate.

The Young Damsels Courage and Conquest :

O R, The close Encounter between Country K A T E and a lusty Soldier of F L A N D E R S.
Tune of March Boys, &c. Licensed according to Order.



(1)

A Souldier from *Flanders* he Travell'd of late,
and here in the City of *London* did lye,
And happen'd to meet with bonny brisk *Kate*,
a Lass with a delicate rouling Eye :
She chuckt the Souldier under the Chin,
she being youthful brisk and airy,
And said if thou wilt my favour win,
then come Boy, come Boy, let's be merry :
Come Boy, come Boy, beat upon my Drum Boy,
fain wou'd I see how thou can'st Tabor,
Do what ye can, honest *John*, like a Man,
and I'll reward you for your labour.

(2)

I never could Tabor a Drum, I declare,
tho' long I have Marched in *Flanders* in Spain,
A Musket I still on my Shoulders did bear,
when ever I follow'd the Warlike-Train :
The Damsel immediately thus reply'd,
if thou art a Soldier draw out thy Rapier,
Thy Courage and Valour with me shall be try'd,
Draw then draw I'll make you caper :
Draw Boy, draw Boy, 'teent against the Law Boy
for if I do but once come near you :
Tis my delight, for to fight, though by night,
come on, brave Souldier, I'll not fear you.

(3)

He drew out his Rapier and to her did run;
as soon as she saw it young *Kate* got a fall,
But yet there alas was no prejudice done,
she still for a closer encounter did call :
Just when he thought he had gotten the day,
her courage & strength did still grow stronger,

So that she still show'd him delicate play,
till he, till he could strive no longer :
Longer, longer, not a Minute longer,
thus was he conquer'd by a Beauty,
She got the day, as they say, in the fray,
and vow'd that she'd make him know his Duty.

(4)

She turn'd to the Souldier and gave him a smile,
and said was you e're so beaten before,
I am not like those that will parly a while,
but conquer without any Cannons that roar :
At this the Soldier was straight in a rage,
resolving his Forces again to rally,
That he with young beautiful *Kate* might ingage,
in vain, in vain, it was to dally,
Dally, dally, never would he dally,
nor would he yield on no condition ;
She held him root, he did shoot, the dispute
held while he'd spent his Ammunition.

(5)

Now his Bandileers being empty at last,
so that he no longer could stand the Field,
He would have been running but she held him fast
so that he was forc'd to submit and yield :
Though often he fought in the Field of *Mars*,
where Cannons had roard like claps of thunder,
At length by a Beautiful Country Lass,
he was subdu'd and soon brought under :
Under, under, yet it was no wonder,
being no more than what is common :
Those that have fought, many Enemies stout,
at length have been conquer'd by a Woman.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, and J Back,

An Answer to the The Unfortunate Lady.

Who Hang'd her self in Dispair:

Containing her Lovers Lamentation for her Untimely Destiny; Together
with the Apparition of her Bleeding Ghost in his silent Chamber.

To the Tune of, The Languishing S^rain.

Licensed according to Order.

I.

WHat dismal tydings do I hear,
The fatal ruin of my Dear,
Who did her dearest Life destroy,
When she might not her Love enjoy.

II.

Which grieves me to the very Soul,
In sorrow I her Death condole;
No peace nor comfort can I find,
The thoughts of her runs in my mind.

III.

Each Night when e're I close mine Eyes;
Methinks I hear her dismal Cries,
Saying, my Love I dy'd for thee;
And then her bleeding Ghost I see.

IV.

Then with a Voice both sharp and shrill,
She does my silent Chamber fill,
And with a sigh and bitter groan,
She does express her piteous moan.

V.

Alas! although I did appear
Thus in the Chamber of my Dear,
He never wrong'd his Lover, no,
'Twas Parents prov'd my overthrow.

VI.

I know the tender Turtle-Doves;
Was ne'r more constant to their Loves,
Then thee and I has been, she cry'd,
And yet, alas! for Love I dy'd.

VII.

I was to thee as dear as Life,
My Friends has caused all the strife;
They sought for Wealth and Riches store,
When Love had won the Field before.

VIII.

'Cause thou did'st not in Wealth abound
My near Relations on theerown'd,
And I was posted straight from thee,
And by that means have ruin'd me.

IX.

They sent me word that thou wert Wed
Which tydings almost struck me dead;
Unto Dispair I straight did run,
O see what cursed Gold has done!

X.

Then with a sigh and dismal groan,
She straight departs; leaves me alone;
Where I in sorrow weeping lye,
To think of Parents Cruelty.

XI.

Sure Friends was never more to blame,
How could they such a Letter frame,
That I another Choice had made?
By this her Life they soon betray'd.

XII.

She well might be amaz'd, that I
Shou'd guilty be of Perjury,
And leave a loyal Love at last,
When many solemn Vows had past.

XIII.

She's gone, and I am left behind:
Now since I can no Comfort find;
Come Death and prove a Friend to me,
O let me Dye as well as she.

F I N I S.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deaton,
J. Blare, and J. Back.

Woman
29

THE
Young-Womans Answer
TO
Her Former Sweet-Heart

On board one of His Majesty's Ships, who complains of her Unkindness.

Tune of, *I lov'd you dearly, &c.*

IN e'ery street I hear 'em sing
I My Love's *Complaint*, who serv'd the King:
I went with him to the *Boy it's a' Nore*,
And could a gone all the World o're.
He says my Love appeared true,
I do declare it was so too;
And let his *love* bene're so great,
Mine was as much, tho' unfortunate.
A Golden Chain I had of him,
Which I *will* freely return again;
As for my sighing when we did part,
'Twas from the bottom of my heart.
Then both of us did straight agree,
At his return Married to be;
As for his *letters* he sent to *Town*,
I do declare I ne're had one.
But now I find it (tho' too late)
My *love complains* of his hard Fate;
But 'tis my Father's Fault indeed,
He often said that you were Dead.
Those *letters* that you sent to me,
My Father would not let me see;
But always said: *Child be at rest,*
For thy Sweet-heart was slain at Brest.
Then he perswaded me to wed
To a rich *Old Man* that's almost dead:
It's true I'm Married, and am a wife,
I wish I'd liv'd single all my life.

I always lov'd a Seaman brave,
And once I was in hopes to have
Him which I now ne're expect to see;
You Maidens all then pity me.
While we are young and once in love,
It looks like blessings from above;
Yet our Friends oftentimes will make
Us break those Vows for Riches sake.
And as for *Gold and Silver* too,
I freely curle it as well as you;
For if that had not caus'd this strife,
Then you and I had been Man and Wife.
Altho' we both are crost in love,
Your *Resolution* I'd have ye move;
since now you see the fault's not mine,
I think not so hard on woman-kind.
Where one VWoman is false in love;
A hundred Men they false do prove;
Tho' I lay not this charge to you,
Nor I hope you don't think me untrue.
Return, return, I beg my Dear,
For here are thousand VWomen here,
That are more Beautiful than I,
Therefore ne're go where *Bullets* fly.
'Twould be the comfort of my life,
To see you have a happy VVife,
Tho' I am crost, 'twill ease my pain,
To see you once return'd again.

Printed for Charles Barnet.

The Shepherd's Lamentation FOR HIS PHILLIS.

Tune of, *As I lay musing all alone.* *K*



AS I lay musing all alone,
Close down by a Chrystal Fountain,
I heard a Shepherd make great moan
for his Love that long had been,
As he lay musing all alone,
Fetching many a bitter groan,
And on his Hat there seem'd to be
A branch of a green-willow-tree.

How now Shepherd, what means that
Thou wear'st thy Willow on thy Hat?
Formerly 'twas blue and yellow,
Now is turn'd to a bunch of green-willow
It is my Phillis and only she,
That makes me wear the Willow-tree.

When I lay me down to rest,
Love lyes bleeding in my breast,
Cease, said I, and do not mourn
For her that holds thy heart in scorn;
But hereafter be like they
That Courts a new face e'ery day.

F I N I S.

Printed for J. Blare at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

THE Jealous LOVER's Complaint:

O R,
His Torment for Love of
Fair Clozis.

Tune of, *While I lay gazing, &c.*



WHile I gaze on Clozis trembling,
while her looks my face declares.
When she smiles I fear dissembling,
when she frowns I straight despair,
Jealous of some Rivals favour,
which her wandring looks can give,
Fain I would desire to leave her,
but can sooner cease to live.

Happy is he whose inclination
warms but with a gentle heat,
Or flies out into a passion,
love's a torment, Oh 'tis great,
When the Storms are once blown over,
soon the Ocean quiet grows,
But a tender faithful lover
never is in true repose.

F I N I S.

The Distracted
Young-MANS Answer
 T O
The Injured Maiden.

Shewing the Cruelty of his Parents, in forcing him to marry another, because she had a better Fortune, which proved the Ruine of the young Man and his former Mistress.

To the same Tune: or, The Languishing Swain.

IT's true, thou justly maist complain,
 On thy unfaithful perjur'd Swain,
 But yet at first I did design,
 To marry you, to marry you,
In little time.

I answer'd yea, she has my heart,
Besides me vow'd never to part;
Therefore dear father, do not make
Me break this vow, me break this vow;
which I did take.

I found you beautiful and fair,
 Delightful with a pleasing air;
 Endow'd with all the charms of love,
 And I believ'd, and I believ'd,
You'd constant prove.

He said, *If I a thousand took,*
I should no more upon her look;
 But straight he made me for to go
 To Church and wed, to Church and wed,
I know not who.

My father told me o're and o're,
 Of one who riches had great store;
 He said, *If I did not agree,*
To court that lass, to court that lass,
He'd own not me.

Altho' I have a rich young wife,
 I have no comfort of my life;
 For she that had my heart before,
 Will keep the same, will keep the same,
For evermore.

I went as he did give command,
 Altho' you had my heart and hand;
 The God above do know it's true,
 I always meant, I always meant;
To marry you.

I do implore the God above,
 To look upon my injur'd love,
 Who justly does complain on me,
 And help her in, and help her in
Her misery.

Our Parents straightways did agree,
 And said, *That I must married be;*
To her they lately wish'd me to.
 Then I reply'd, then I reply'd;
what shall I do?

Then young men all a warning take,
 Ne'er break those vows in love you make
 If she you love does prove but kind,
 Be not like me, be not like me;
To change your mind.

My father said, *To Church now go,*
A thousand pound this has I know;
For her you courted just before,
She has not half, she has not half;
So much in store.

Since I have proved thus untrue;
 I bid unto the world adieu,
 For I no comfort now can have;
 Then death come send, then death come send,
Me to my grave.

LONDON: Printed for P. Pelcomb, in Fleet-street.

CELIA'S Answer

TO

The LOVER'S Complaint.

To the same Tune.

WHat is this I hear still by all I do meet,
A complaint against Celia is Sung in the street,
Where she scornful is made, and cruel does prove
To Strephon who is with Celia in Love.

Nay likewise they say for Love he will dye,
Unless that his Celia to Love does comply,
He further complains that my hearts made of stone,
And yet he'll have Celia, or else he'll have none.

And since I must give him an Answer indeed,
Ile speak from my Heart as I am a true Maid,
He Courted me long, and I slighted him still,
Tho twas not perhaps for any ill will.

But caution did make me to use him like one,
That came as a visit and so to be gone,
Tho he often would sigh, then his Eyes they would
Which many a time I felt at my heart. (dart)

But men are deceitful which made me still shie,
What their tongue often speaks, yet their hearts gives
And few there are found of Men to be true, (the lye)
VVhich made me always be scornful to you.

For daily I see that young Maidens are wrong'd,
By Batchellors with their fine flattering Tongue,
They swear they do love till they've gain'd their desire,
Which when once possess't then soon they retire.

Thus Men being false causes me to beware,
Least I by such Men should be drawn in a snare,
As thousands there be that by young men's undone,
In believing what's said by a lying Tongue.

But if that I thought that young Strephon was true,
And would love in earnest I would do so too,
I mean not for time, but for ever and ay,
I am not for love that holds but a day.

Therefore if you come with intent for to wed,
Nere fear but a loving kind VVife may be had,
I love you tis true, I declare on my life,
And happy should be if I once were your wife.

Oh what if I say, I have here told my mind,
Oh now I am ruin'd if Strephon's unkind,
My love I cant hide, but must let the world know,
Tis Strephon I love tho I tortur'd him so.

If he now should leave me for what I have done,
Then for love of him I distracted shall run,
Oh why did I use him so cruel before,
VVhen at the same time I did him adore.

Now come lovely Strephon my Heart is thy own,
VVith grief I have heard all thy sorrow and moan,
And if you will wed, then this I will say,
Since Strephon consents then to morrow's the day.

An Excellent New Song, Call'd,
The Unkind Parents,
 O R,
Two Unfortunate Lovers,

Being a Relation of a young Gentleman and a Lady, who had promised to Marry one another, but the Lady's Father and Mother forc'd her to Marry an old Man for the sake of his Riches, which unfortunate Marriage was the occasion of the young Man's being cast away at Sea, and the Ladys Stabing her self.

Tune of, *Fond Boy, Or, Love's a sweet Passion.*

With Allowance.

O Where's my *Rosinda* shall I never more,
 Behold that bright Beauty whom I did adore,
 I wait at her Window both early and late,
 To see her as usual, but oh my sad fate,
 Denies me those blisses which makes me to fear,
 That some sad mishap hath befallen my dear.

In this silent Grove my *Rosinda* and I,
 Did vow to each other to love constantly,
 My heart is surpris'd for sure I do see,
 My dearest lamenting so near unto me,
 O tell me *Rosinda* the Cause of my tears,
 Thy absence hath fill'd my heart with sad fears.

Alas my *Almander* my heart is oppress'd,
 With sorrow so much that can scarce be express'd,
 My friends hath enforc'd me my vows for to break,
 Which often to thee in this Grove I did make,
 That I would ne're Marry with none but my Love,
 But now I am forced unconstant to prove.

My Parents, regardless of all my sad Tears,
 Have forc'd me to marry with one that's in years,
 Exceeding mine far, but his Riches was great,
 Which caus'd my Parents *Almander* to hate,
 Since that I did love you so dearly that I
 Did hate the old Miser and him did deny.

But oh, all in vain since the knot is once ty'd,
 Till Death come and ease me, and us shall divide,
 For since that I cannot *Almander* enjoy,
 Kind death will befriend me my life to destroy,
 Farewel then *Almander* my Dearest so true,
Rosinda must bid thee for ever adieu.

Oh since that my hopes are by fortune thus crost,
 And I my *Rosinda* for ever have lost,
 I'll range o're the World for my heart is oppress'd,
 With sorrow so great I can no where find rest,
 Farewel my *Rosinda* these words then he spake,
 Remember the Vows that thy Marriage hath broke.

And then in a Ship which was ready to sail,
 On Board went *Almander* who had a fine Gale
 Of wind and no waves they so swiftly did glide,
 That soon they did sail in the Ocean so wide,
 But fortune that seem'd at first for to smile,
 Did soon in a moment his hopes all beguile.

A storm did arise and the Ship run a ground,
 Where *Almander* & most of the Seaman were drown'd
 There escap'd but 3 which on Hogheads did get,
 And floated o'th' Sea till a ship they did meet,
 which brought them to England where they did relate.
 The loss of the Ship and *Almander's* hard fate.

But when this sad News to *Rosinda* they bear,
 She beat her fair Breasts and she tore her gold hair,
 Thus crying, *Almander* lies deep in the Sea,
 Oh would that *Rosinda* was buried with thee,
 And thus in sad sorrow she still did complain,
 Since *Almander* is dead, now my life I disdain.

Then taking a Dagger she held fast the same,
 And with a full stroak at her Breast she did aim,
 As life was departing, ah now cryed She,
 I come my *Almander*, I come unto thee,
 Being dead by her wound, in her blood she did lye,
 Thus *Rosinda* for Love of *Almander* did dye.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

The Shoemaker's Triumph:

B E I N G

A Song in Praise of the Gentle-Craft, shewing how Royal Princes, Sons of Kings, Lords, and great Commanders, have been Shoemaker-makers of old, to the Honour of this ancient Trade; as it was sung at a General Assembly of Shoemaker-makers, on the 25th of Octob. 1695, being St. Crispin. To the Tune of, *The Evening Ramble*, &c.

Written by RICHARD RIGBEY, a Brother of the Craft.



I Sing in the Praise of Shoemaker-makers,
whose Honour no Person can stain,
In every Age they dare to Engage,
and Victory still they did gain;
No Craft in the World can compare
with Shoemaker-making, for I declare,
Who reads but the Story, will set forth their Glory,
commending them every-where,
As Persons of honoured Fame and Renown;
Then let not their Glory be trampled down.

Sir Hugh was a Prince and a Lover,
yet learned the Shoemaker-making Trade,
Which yielded Relief, when Sorrow and Grief,
in Travel, had made him dismaid;
When he of his Love was deny'd,
he crossed the Ocean so wide,
Returning soon after, then with a King's Daughter
a Glorify'd Martyr he dy'd.
Thus Shoemaker-makers have been true Men of Renown,
Then let not their Glory for ever go down.

There's Crispine, and brave Crispianus,
both Brothers, and Sons to a King,
In Sorrow and Woe, from Court they did go,
when under a Shoemaker's Wing
Protection and Safety they found,
for 'Prentices straight they were bound;
Disguised like Strangers, from perilous Dangers,
this Harbour of Safety they found:
Thus Princes of honoured Fame and Renown,
Hath Shoemaker-makers been, that was Heirs to a Crown.

Young Crispine he won the fair Daughter
of Great Maximinus, for who
Admitted could be, but verily he,
to draw on fair Ursula's Shoe,
That honoured Lady of Fame,
for when to the Palace he came,

He soon was admitted, the Shoes being fitted,
this Royal Young Beautiful Dame
Besought him for Marriage, though Heir to the Crown;
Thus Shoemaker-makers have been brave Lords of Renown.

His Brother went forth as a Souldier,
well arm'd, to the Gallican Shore,
Where thousands he kill'd; they never beheld
such conquering Courage before,
The Work being speedily done,
and the Enemy forced to run;
Their General Gallant, Courageous and Valiant,
was likewise a Shoemaker's Son:
Thus loaded with honoured Fame and Renown,
Then let not brave Shoemaker-makers Glory go down.

Sir Simon, Lord-Mayor of fair London,
he was a Shoemaker by Trade,
Who, while he was Mayor, the Truth to declare,
a Dinner of Fritters he made,
Inviting the 'Prentices all,
who readily came at his Call;
That Day they were merry, with Bowls of Canary,
for he from his Word would not fall:
Thus good Simon Eyre, of Fame and Renown,
He was a Shoemaker, and Lord of the Town.

Thus Valliant and Noble Shoemaker-makers
the City and Court did Adorn;
For Deeds they have done, a Shoemaker's Son,
I tell you, he is a Prince born;
There's no other Trade in the Land,
had ever such Royal Command,
For Honour and Glory; then read but the Story,
then, then you will soon understand,
That Shoemaker-makers they have been fam'd for Renown,
Then let not their Triumph and Honour go down.

Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Pye-corner

There is likewise newly Writ and Printed a Book intitl'd, *The Shoemaker's Gloss: or, The Princely History of the Gentle-Craft* Shewing what Renowned Princes, Hero's and Worthies have been of the Shoemaker's Trade, both in this and other Kingdoms likewise why it is call'd, The Gentle-Craft; and that they say, A Shoemaker's Son is a Prince born. To which this Song is add Price Two-pence.

ENFIELD Common :

OR, THE

Young Damsel Cured OF THE GREEN SICKNESS By a Lusty Gallant,

Who happen'd to meet her in the Mid^est of *Enfield* Common.

To an Excellent New Tune.

ON *Enfield Common* I met a Woman,
a bringing of her Water to the Town,
Said I fair Maiden, you're heavy laden,
I'll light and give you ease in a green Gown,
Says she, 'tis good Sir, to stir the Blood Sir,
for the Green-sickness, Friend, will make me like it,
Then in a minute I left my Ginnet,
and went aside with her into a Thicket,
Then with her leave there, a dose I gave her,
she straight confess'd her Sickness I did nick it.

I went to leave her, but this did grieve her,
for panting on the Grass she did complain,
Saying Physician, my sick Condition,
I fear will suddenly return again,
If you deny me, and don't supply me,
with many Potions of your sweetest pleasure,
Then prithee Gallant improve thy Tallant,
since we have Opportunity and Leisure,
With suchlike Greeting my pritty Sweeting,
she seem'd to press upon me out of measure.

'Twas summer weather, we sat together,
and chatted all the pleasant afternoon,
No one was near us, to over hear us,
at length I said I'd put my Pipes in Tune,
To give a Glisten, with that I Kiss'd her,
she cry'd another fit does round me hover,
With the green Rushes I'll vail my Blushes,
for in my Cheeks I know you may discover,
What's my desire; Love never Tire,
for Oh! I long, I long to be a Mother.

With that I told her, that I would hold her
a Guinea to a Groat it should be so,
In nine months after, a Son or Daughter,
will be your lucky lot Dear love I know,
Quoth she you vapour, and draw your Rapour,
but yet methinks too soon you seem to tire,
I'll lay a shilling if you are willing,
that nine Months hence I have not my desire,
Except you'll venter, once more to enter,
Alas! the name of Mother I admire.

Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
I took a Lodging for my *Enfield* Lass,
Who was a Beauty and knew her Duty,
the night we did in youthful pleasures pass,
With melting Bliss and Charming Kisses,
on downy Beds secure from Wind or Weather,
And in the Morning by days adorning,
we 'rose and drank a Glass of Wine together,
With joys I crown'd her, for then I found her,
to have a heart far lighter than a feather.

I having cur'd her, likewise assur'd her,
if e're it was my luck to come that way,
I'd pawn my honour to call upon her,
but for that time I could no longer stay;
The loving creature, of pure good nature,
she gave me twenty kisses when we parted,
Because she never had found such favour,
in loves soft pleasures to be so diverted,
Then straight I mounted, for why I counted,
'twas time I had her company deserted.

Printed for Charles Bates at the Sun and Bible in Pye-corner.

T H E

Lusty Lad of London:

O R,

The pleasant Wooing betwixt brawny *Will* a Wine-Cooper, and a wealthy Merchant's fair Widow.

To the Tune of, *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

Come listen to this Ditty,
Not far from London-City,
There liv'd a lusty Lover,
Who happen'd to discover
a Widow lin'd with Gold,
a Widow, &c.

Resolv'd he was to Woe her,
And when he did come to her,
He told her in his Breeches,
There was the best of Riches,
right pleasant to behold,
right pleasant, &c.

The Widow was offended,
And straight her Brows she bended,
Crying, *You sawcy Villain,*
I would not give a Shilling
for all that e'er you have,
for all that, &c.

I am an honest Woman,
Your Harlots loose and common
My like of that expression;
I'll punish your transgression,
you sawcy, sawcy Slave,
you sawcy, &c.

Sweet, Madam, be not froward,
Why are you so untoward?
Resolv'd I am to Marry,
And will no longer tarry,
if you will be my Bride,
if you will, &c.

Why should I mince the matter?
Or stand to cog and flatter,
That Riches out of measure,
Will yield a Woman pleasure,
yet I have Land beside,
yet I have, &c.

I doubt 'tis but a story,
When thus you seem to glory,
In such a double Potion;
If once you gain Promotion,
perhaps abroad you'll run,
perhaps abroad, &c.

London: Printed for *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Guilspur-street*.

To mincing Sue or Nancy,
Placing your Love on Fancy,
On wanton London Misses,
While they enjoy your Kisses,
poor I shall be undone,
poor I shall, &c.

No, no, thou need'st not fear me,
Be pleased now to hear me,
I'll mind no other Beauty,
But still perform my Duty
to thee my lawful Wife,
to thee, &c.

And therefore Dearest try me,
Do not the least deny me,
I'll labour to delight thee,
And for thy Love requite thee
with a contented Life,
with a, &c.

When he had this related,
Her Anger was abated,
Then she reply'd, *My Jewel,*
I can't be coy and cruel,
as many others can,
as many, &c.

Thy Words are so prevailing,
That now my former railing
Is turn'd to Love's desire,
Thy person I admire
because thou art a Man,
because thou, &c.

His Compliments were slender,
Nor did he ever send her
Rich Presents to obtain her,
Yet had the luck to gain her,
with all her Riches too,
with all, &c.

For by his down right dealing,
He brought the sense of Feeling
Upon her, in a minute,
She could not stand again in it:
see what a Man can do,
see what, &c.

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The Sea-man's Answer

K

His Unkind Lover.

Tune of. *I lov'd you dearly*, &c. Or, *Languishing Swain*. Licensed according to Order.

F Air Maid, you say you lov'd me well,
I do believe it honest *Nell*,
And likewise tell you what is true,
Once there was none I lov'd like you.

Twas not for Money that I wed,
I never ask'd her what she had,
You said you would not married be,
Till I return again from Sea.

That was the reason pritty Dove,
Which made me seek for another Love,
I thought when I to Sea was gone,
You'd wed before I cou'd return.

As for thy kindness still to me,
A thousand thanks I return to thee,
And I am glad you do impart,
A Seaman still shall have thy Heart.

I have a Brother with me here,
Who's Younger than I by one Year,
He is a Seaman truly bred,
My dearest *Nell* let him thee Wed.

You cry *Stop Thief*, your Heart I have,
My Brother he the same do crave,
And begs that I would write to you,
To give thy free consent thereto.

If you but saw us both together,
You could not tell one from the other;
Then prithee *Nell* do not deny,
Though I am wed, let him enjoy.

I hear thou'rt ranging o're the Sea,
With full intent to come to me,
May Heavens keep thee from all harms,
And bring thee safely to my Arms.

We're both in the *Britania* bold,
Ith Straights where Strangers much behold,
For there was never seen before
So great a Ship near the *Turkish*-shoar.

Then come my fair One, come away,
My Brother longs to see the day,
That you will be his happy Bride,
Then waff her hither Wind and Tide.

If thou wert come, then we'd be merry,
In Bowls of Punch and good Canary,
And thou wilt find he'll love thee well,
Though I did leave my honest *Nell*.

I prithee *Nell* do not deny,
Thou'lt find him kinder far than I,
Although you prove not to be my Wife,
Yet my dear Sister all my life.

Printed and Sold by T. Staples.



The Westminster Wonder:

Giving an Account of a Robin Red-breast, who, ever since the Queen's Funeral, continues on the top Pinnacle of the Queen's Mausoleum, or Pyramid, in the Abby of Westminster, where he is seen and heard to sing, and will not depart the place, to the Admiration of all Beholders. *Tune of, Jealous Lover.*

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

YOU loyal Subjects of this Isle,
Be pleased to attend a while,
To this Relation which I bring;
You never heard so strange a thing,
In any former Ages past:
Queen Mary dy'd December last,
And Robin Red-breast, to this day,
Continues singing where she lay.
Not in the mourning Chamber, no,
Where Death did strike the fatal blow;
But in Westminster-Abby, where
They did a Pyramid prepare,
Against her solid Funeral;
This they did her Mausoleum call,
Where in the Abby it was plac'd,
With rich and sumpt'ous Beauty grac'd.
The very Art of Man was try'd,
To make it richly beautify'd,
Angels and Cherubins of Gold,
A sight most glorious to behold.
This Monument does taper rise,
A Pinnacle at top likewise;
There is and eke a Wonder too,
Which I declare is strange and true.
This is a Wonder strange, I say,
Ever since that great and solemn Day,
Of the Interment of our Queen,
There is a Robin Red-breast seen,
Upon the very top of all:
He sings a Note soft, sweet and small,
Which is most pleasant for to hear,
When they the Royal Place draw near.

Sometimes it flies a little way,
Yet from the place it will not stay,
But soon returns with speed again,
Where it does Night and Day remain.
Upon the Pinnacle it sits,
Spreading the little Wings by fits,
And in the very midst of Prayer,
Tis Robin he sits singing there,
And is not miss'd; yet we conclude,
He must fly forth sometimes for Food;
Which done, his flight he back does take,
And never does the place forsake.
The News was carried far and near,
That Robin Red-breast does appear
Upon the Queen's Mausoleum still,
Which does all Men with wonder fill.
Renowned Lords and Ladies gay,
And Common People, day by day,
Upon their hearing this Report,
They to the Abby still resort,
Where Robin Red-breast they behold,
Upon the Pinnacle of Gold;
And 'tis the thoughts of rich and poor,
The like was never known before.
A wise Astrologer declares,
It is a sign that our Affairs
Will be successful e'ery Spring,
Which makes the Robin Red-breast sing.
He learns from these sweet Songs of Joy,
That Potent France shall ne'er destroy
The Church, tho' good Queen Mary dy'd,
For God above will be our Guide.

London: Printed for J. Blare, at the Sign of the Looking-glass on London-bridge.

An excellent New SONG, Called,
The Gentlemans Resolution.
FOR
A Pleasant Country Life.



I.

Come, come, come, come, ... let us leave, ...
Let us, let us leave the Town, come, come, come, come,
Come, come, come, come, let us leave, ...
Let us, let us, let us leave the Town, & in some lovely place
Where Crouds and Noise, where Crouds and Noise
Were never, never, never, never known,
Re-sol—ve to spend our days,
In pleasant, pleasant Sha—des,
In pleasant, pleasant Shades upon the Grass
At Night our selves we'll lay,
Our days in harmless sports shall pass,
Our days in harmless sports, in harmless sports shall pass,
Thus time shall slide away.

I I.

Call, call, call, call, ... call the Coach, ...
Call the, call the Coach away, call, call, call, call,
Call, call, call, call, ... call the Coach, ...
Call the, call the, call the Coach away, & let us go in time
To Woods and Groves, to Woods and Groves,
Let's hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, straight,
Where Charm—ing Birds do Sing,
Their Tuneful, Tuneful No—tes,
Their Tuneful, Tuneful Notes does sound each day,
There let us on the Ground
Within each others Arms to lye,
Within each others Arms, each others Arms to lye,
And tumble o—n the Ground.

I I I.

What, what, what, what, ... is there in, ...
Is there, is there in this Town, what what what what? ...
What, what, what, what, ... is there in, ...
Is there, is there, is there in this Town but lewd Debauchery
We Drink all night, we Drink all night,
And tippie, tippie, tippie, tippie on,
Till Bot—tles fly about,
Then Whinnyard, Whinnyard's dra—wn,
Then whinnyard, whinnyard's drawn & one's ran
This is the Trade o' th' Town. (thro'
Then let's a Country life all live,
Then let's a Country life, a Country life all live
Where Lewdness i—s not known.

I V.

Come, come, come, come, ... let us go, ...
Let us, let us go with speed, come, come, come, come, ...
Come, come, come, come, let us go, ...
Let us, let us, let us go with speed & leave this nasty Town
For wine and Punk, for wine and Punk,
Does ever, ever, ever, ever make
Us Ma—d by being Drunk,
Then follow, follow Boy—s,
Then follow, follow Boys, let's goe while sound
To Pleasure Night and Day,
Where fresh young Country Maids are found,
Where fresh young Country Maids, young Country Maids
To pass the ti—me away. (are found)

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The Courageous Loyalists, Or²

A Health to the Royal Family.

To the Tune of, *Rowze up Great Monarch.*



Drown'd Melancholly
in a Glas of Wine,
We will be Jolly,
let the Miser pine:
Boys Drink about,
we'l make the Tavern Roar,
When the Bumper's out,
we'l call again for more;
It makes good Blood
to run within our Veins,
It puts Good Reason also
in our Brains:
He that will deny it,
hanged let him be,
Here's a Health to all
the Royal Progeny.

II.

Boys we'l be merry
whatsoe're ensue,
Drink Sack and Sherry
till the Skie looks blue;
Let the *Whiggs* lament,
and whiningly complain,
We with one consent,
drink to the Royal Train:
Heavens bless Great *Charles*,
and the Duke of *York*,
All the Lords and Earls,
and every Royal Spark;
Down with every Factious,
flaming, whining Crue,
Give them Rope and Hanging,
since it is their due.

III.

Drawer bring us Wine,
fill the other Bowl,
Let us lose no time,
for he's an honest Soul
That doth love his Prince,
and the ancient Laws,
He is a man of sense,
he shall have our applause:
As for mighty *Charles*,
his Renowned Name,
Let it be Recorded
in the Books of Fame:
But he that will deny
Allegiance to the King,
Hang him let him dye,
and in a Halter swing.

Brave Noble *Sions*,
be you stout and true,
Stand in Defiance
of the Rabble Crue;
They that design'd
our Laws to undermine,
We will make them flye,
like Chaff before the Wind:
Those that did consent,
yielding to allow,
Those that did invent
the *Association* Vow,
To conceal their Treason,
hang 'um let them swing,
Here's a Health to *Charles*,
the most Renowned King.

V.

Now sure the *Whiggs*,
they will no more Rebell,
Old *Crumwells* Piggs
that suckt up all the swell;
Their hopes are drowned,
as we plainly see,
Some were confounded
in their Villainy:
Tommy he is fled,
Tony he is Dead,
Some of them was Hang'd,
others lost their Head:
Ketch in conclusion,
pay'd them their Arrears,
Since this Confusion
how they hang their Ears!

VI.

Then learn to bow,
and in Obedience stand,
To *Cesar* now
the Glory of the Land:
None can convince,
for what I speak is true,
He is a Prince
of love and pitty too:
Those that are Loyal,
they are perfect free,
There's no denial
of their Liberty:
Then true hearts be merry,
make the Tavern Ring,
Fling up your Caps,
and cry, *God Save the KING.*

The Religious Turncoat,

Or, a Late
Jacobite Divine turned Williamite.

Agreed according to Order. *Tune of, London is a Fine Town.*

(1)

I Lov'd no King in Forty One,
When Prelacy went down;
A Cloak and Band, I then put on,
And Preach'd against the Crown the

Chorus.
A Turncoat is a Cunning Man,
That Cants to Admiration;
And Prays for any King, to gain
The Peoples Approbation.

I shew'd them Paths to Heaven untrod,
From Pop'ry to refine 'em;
And taught the People to serve God,
As if the Devil were in 'em.

Chorus.
A Turncoat, &c.

(2)
When Charles return'd into our Land,
The English Church Supporter,
I shifted off my Cloak and Band,
And so became a Courtier.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

(3)
The King's Religion I profess,
And found there was no harm in it;
I Cog'd and Flatter'd like the rest,
Till I had got Preferment.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

(4)
I taught my Conscience how to Cope
With Honesty or Evil;
And when I railed against the Pope,
I sided with the Devil.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

(5)
When Royal James began his Reign,
And Mass was used in Common,
I shifted off my Faith again,
And then became a Roman.

Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

I Orders took in Church of Rome,
And Read the Declarations,
And prov'd that all the World must come
To Transubstantiation.

Chorus.
A Turncoat, &c.

(6)
His Holyness the Pope to please,
By the Lord's Assistance,
To bring in Pop'ry with more ease,
I preach'd up Non-Resistance.

Chorus.
A Turncoat, &c.

(7)
Our Prince of Wales was soon betray'd,
And then the headstrong Rabble
Grew angry with the Child, and made
The Devil rock the Cradle.

Chorus.
A Turncoat, &c.

(8)
When Cause grew Sick, & King grew lame,
I fell from Priest to Pagan;
Just as the Belgick Lyon came,
To quell the Romish Dragon.

Chorus.
A Turncoat, &c.

(9)
When William had possess'd the Throne,
And Cur'd the Nations Grievance,
New Principles I then put on,
And swore to him Allegiance.

Chorus.
A Turncoat, &c.

(10)
And now Preach up King William's Right,
Pray for his Eoes Confusion;
And shall remain a Williamite,
Till another Revolution.

Chorus.
A Turncoat is a Cunning Man,
That Cants to Admiration;
And Prays for any King to gain
The Peoples Approbation.

PACKINGTONS POUND.

I.

When the Joy of all hearts, and desire of all eyes,
In whom our chief Refuge, and Confidence lies,
The Protestant Bulwark against all Dispair,
Has depriv'd us at once, of her Self, and her Heir :
That hopeful Young Thing
Begot by a King,
And a Queen, whose Perfections o're all the world ring.
A Father whose Courage no Mortal can daunt,
And a Mother whose Virtue no Scandal can taint.

II.

When Wide-mouth resign'd up the Purse and the Mace,
Whose impudent Arrogance gain'd him the place :
When, like *Lucifer*, thrown from the height of his Pride,
And the Knot of his Villany's strangely unt'y'd.
From the Chancery Bawling,
He turns a Tarpaulin,
Men will catch at any thing when they are falling :
But to hasten his Fate, before he cou'd scour,
He was tak'n at *Wapping*, and sent to the Tow'r.

III.

When Confessor *Petre's* did yield up the Game,
and prov'd to the worst of Religion a shame,
When his cheating no more on our Reason prevails,
But is blasted like that of his true Prince of *W----*,
Which was his Contrivance,
And Fryars Connivance,
To establish the *Papists*, and *Protestants* drive hence :
But their Cobweb Conception is brought to the Test,
And the coming of *ORANGE* has quite spoil'd the Jest.

IV.

When an Old Cuff was Noted for all that is ill,
Was urg'd by his Wife to the making his Will ;
At the hearing which words, he did stare, foam and roar,
Then broke out in Cursing, and calling her Whore.
And for Two Hours at least
His Tongue never ceas't,
He rail'd on Religion, and damn'd the poor Priest,
And his Friends, who had hope to behold him expire,
Are afraid by this Bout they shall lose their desire.

V.

A young Hero was fam'd in this great Expedition,
Not for going to War, but obtaining Commission ;
It's no Mystry to me, if his Courage did fail,
When great Politicians were apt to turn Tail :
So that if he took Flight,
With his Betters by Night,
I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i'th' right :
For the *Papists* that Maxim do every where hold,
To be forward in Boasting, in Courage less Bold.

VI.

Nor shou'd *Jesuits*, *Fryars*, such *Papish* throng,
But each in due place have their Attributes sung.
Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of Times,
They'l be call'd to account for their Treasonable Crimes,
While the *Damn'd Popish Plot*,
Is not yet quite forgot,
For which a great Peer went justly to pot :
And to their great comfort Ple make it appear,
Who gave them their Freedom shall suffer severe.

VII.

Another true Trout to the Bishops and Laws,
As the Devil wou'd have it, espous'd the wrong Cause ;
Now loath'd by the Commons, and scorn'd by the Peers
His Patent for Honour, in pieces he tears.
Both our *Britains* are Fool'd,
Who the Laws Over-rul'd,
And next *Parliament* each, will be plagu'ly School'd :
Then try if your Cunning can find out a Flaw,
To preserve you from Judgement according to Law.

VIII.

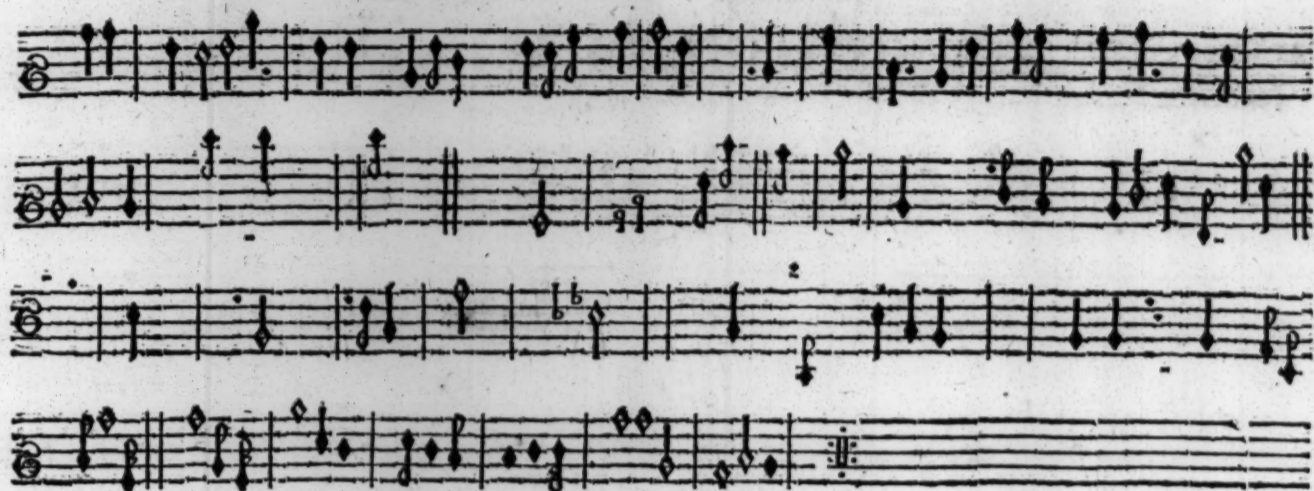
The *Kentish* Knights Actions I shall not repeat,
Till by Axe, or by Halter, his Life he compleat ;
P----'s History shall be related by *Nobb*,
Who has ventur'd his Neck for a Snack in the Jobb.
All their *Priests* and *Confessors*,
With their dumb *Idol-Dressers*,
Shall meet that Reward which is due to Transgressors.
May the *Protestant* people this Land long inherit,
Then *ORANGE* shall reap the Reward of his Merit.

FINIS.

A MAN in Favour,

OR,

The way to Preferment.



To the Tune of,

Would you be a Man of Fashion.

I.

Would you be a Man in Favour?
Would you have your Fortune kind?
Wear the Cross and Eat the Wafer,
you'll have all things to your Mind:
If the Priests cannot Convert you,
Int'rest then must do the thing.
There are Fryers can inform you,
how to please a P—— T——

II.

Would you see a Papist Lowring,
lost in Hurry and a Fright;
With their *Father Peters* Scowring,
glad of happy time for Flight.
Stay but while the *Dutch* are Landed,
and the show will straight appear;
When th' Infernal Sp'rits disbanded,
few will stay for Tyburn here.

III.

If Preferment you'd be gaining,
Or advanc'd be nigh the Throne;
Bribe some pious Pimp, pertaining
to the Whore of Babylon.
Priests are now the sacred Noddies,
that spur on the hateful Cause;
They from Tyburn save their Bodies,
by dispensing with our Laws.

IV.

Peters was the Popish Darling,
now has left us in the lurch,
And has quite giv'n o'er his snarling,
and his snapping at our Church.
Now the *Dutch* are come to right her,
Peters sadly fears a Cord:
For the Prince will bite the Biter,
and his Holy Cheats reward.

V.

All ye catchpole Priests be speedy,
for bad Times are coming on;
Tyburn groans and will be greedy
for all you that are not gone.
Hast and follow *Father Peters*,
Popery must now go down;
The King no more will trust such Creatures
to be plac'd too nigh his Throne.

VI.

Now the Priests are all Confounded,
and their vile Intrigues are crost;
By the *Dutch* they are surrounded,
and penn'd up within our Coast:
Many Aching hearts, I fancy,
are amongst the todpole Train,
If they were got safe beyond-Sea,
they'd ne'er trouble us again.

Printed for J. H. 1688.

The Compleat Citt: Or, The Man of Fashion.

To the Tune of, *Would you be a Man of Fashion.*



I.
WOu'd you be a Man of Fashion,
 Wou'd you lead a Life Divine?
Wou'd you be a Man of Fashion,
wou'd you lead a Life Divine?
 Take a little Dram of Passion,
 in a lusty Bowl of Wine.
 If the Nymph have no Compassion,
 vain it is to sigh and Groan;
 Love was but put in for fashion,
 Wine will do the Work alone.

II.
 Wou'd you have at your Devotion,
 Gown-Fop *Whigs* that loves to prate?
Wou'd you have, &c.
Gown-Fop, &c.
 Take a Dram of *Tony's* Notion,
 in a Coffee-Dish of State:
 If the Poyson will not warm you,
 take ye Tea, 'twill do the thing;
 There are States-men can inform you
 how to Rule without a King.

III.
 Wou'd you then be thought most witty,
 wou'd you be a Man of parts?
Wou'd you be, &c.
wou'd you, &c.
 Aid the Factious of the City,
 till your Hang'd for your Deserts:
 If your Vertue's not Rewarded,
 for the glorious thing you aim'd;
 And a nother Saint Recorded,
Ca— and *Cu—* both be damn'd.

IV.
 Wou'd you have a New Religion,
 founded on a Plot of State?
Wou'd you have, &c.
founded, &c.
 Whisper but with *Pra---* Pidgeon,
 in a Dungeon through a Grate:
 If your Soul finds no impresson,
 Murdered *Godfreys* will appear;
 Though there needs no more Confession,
 kiss the Book, and all is clear.

V.
 Wou'd you have a true Narration,
 how the City first was fir'd;
Wou'd you, &c.
how, &c.
 Let the Monuments relation,
 prove the Man, and those they hir'd:
 If the *Phoenix* was consumed,
 as they say, by Popish Priggs;
 All her pride was re-assumed
 by the *Ignoramus-Whigs*.

VI.
 Wou'd you have another Charter,
 you that should be Men of sence?
Wou'd, &c.
you that, &c.
 Talk no more of *Magna-Charta*,
 but relye upon your Prince:
 If you can Repent sincerely,
Cesar has a God-like mind;
 Purge out Factiousness severely,
Cesar will be always kind.

Printd for P. Brooksby, in West-Smithfield, 1683.

44

A General SUMMONS for those belonging to the Hen-Peck'd FRIGATE,

To appear at Cuckolds-Point, on the 18th. of this Instant October.

Licensed according to Order.



Your Presence is required, and are hereby lawfully Summoned (as belonging to the *Hen-Peck'd-Frigate*) to appear at *Cuckolds-Point* (being the antient Place of our Rendezvous) on the 18th. of this Instant *October*; precisely by Seven of the Clock in the Morning, well fitted with a *Basket*, *Pit-Axe* and *Shovel*, there to give your Attendance, till the List of your Brethren, the Knights of the *Forked Order*, is called over, and then at the Word of Command, to march in good Order to the Gravel-Pits, there to Dig Sand and Gravel for Repairing the Foot-Ways, that your Wives with their Friends may have pleasure and delight in walking to *Horn-Fair*, whereof you are not to fail, under the *Penalty* of a Garret-Correction, and the Forfeiture of all your Goods and Chattels, except your Master's Jointure.

Thomas Can't-Be-Quiet Beadle.

A New SONG on Horn-Fair.

Here is a Summons for all honest Men,
belonging to the Hen-peck'd Frigate;
And I will tell you the place where and when,
both Gravel and Sand for to dig it;
To mend the ways, 'tis no idle Tale,
remember your Foreheads adorning,
At *Cuckolds-Point* you must meet without fail,
by seven a Clock in the morning.

Shovels and *Pit-Axes* you must provide,
it is but in vain for to cavil,
You must bring with you a *Basket* beside,
in order to carry the Gravel,
That your sweet Wives may walk to the Fair,
with Gallant that dotes on their Beauty,
See that you do it with diligent care,
consider it is but your Duty.

Tailors with *Turkers*, and *Coblers* too,
also *Barbers*, *Pipers*, and *Scrapers*;
Nay, and besides there's a notable Crew,
a thousand or two of *Ale-Drapers*:

Tune is Ladies of LONDON.

All must appear and patiently wait,
while they have receiv'd their Direction,
And if our Laws you shall here violate,
beware of a Garret-Correction.

But if you do it with perfect delight,
that Woman that finds you regard her,
She to requite you will sure dub you Knight,
and one of the old *Forked Order*;
For there was some last Year were made so,
and one was kind *Robin* my Neighbour;
This may encourage you freely to go,
as knowing you shan't lose your labour.

Doing of this you may lead a sweet Life,
as long as you flourish together;
Can any Man be too kind to his Wife,
I pray you now do but consider?
Therefore I pray be sure to attend,
and be not of labour too sparing,
When they return you will find in the end,
they'll bring you a *HORN* for a Fairing.

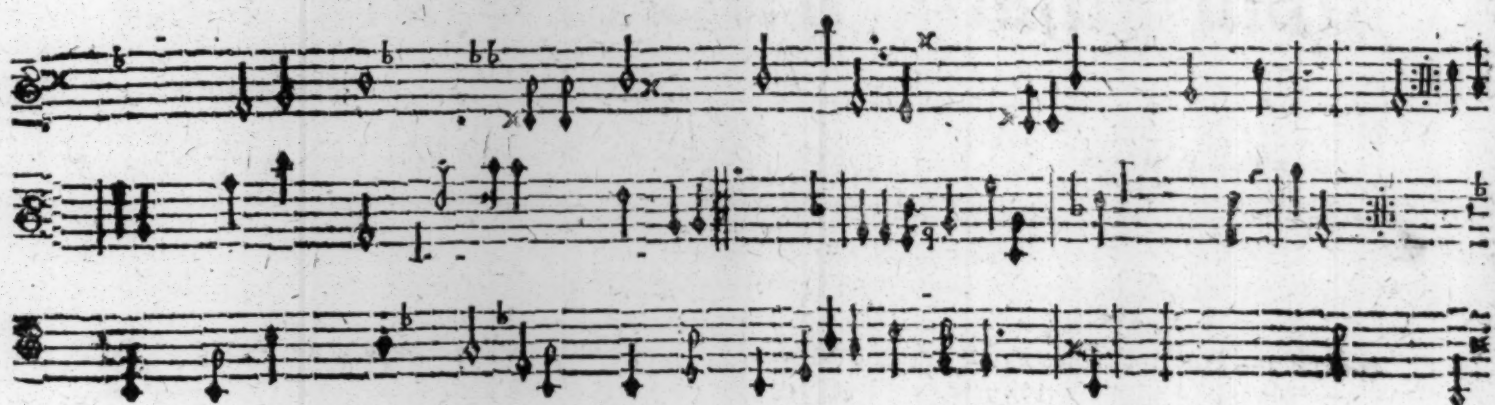
THE
The Love-Sick Soldier.

OR, THE

**Valiant Commander conquer'd by the Powerful Charms of
Fair Cynthia's Matchless Beauty.** *To which is Added, her kind Answer.*

Tune of, *No, no poor suffering heart.*

Licensed according to Order.



I.

WHY did the God of love wound a Commander,
Who strives to soar above great Alexander,
In Warlike deeds of arms, as 'tis requir'd,
Loves fond alluring charms I ne're admir'd ;
All wronged Kings to right was my ambition,
In whose just cause I'd fight, being in commission,
I have made Heroes bow still fearing no man,
But I am conquer'd now by a fair woman.

II.

When Cannons they have roa'd like claps of Thun-
And my unconquer'd sword hath cleft a sunder,
The Helmets of the great, and laid them bleeding,
I by the hand of fate have been exceeding,
Successful in the field, Kings did adore me,
I have made Armies yield, and fly before me,
This I did some years past in point of duty,
But now I fall at last by Cynthia's beauty.

III.

There is no Enemy like a coy lover,
She gains the victory while I discover
Nothing but charming sweet, which doth delight me,
But if my Foe I meet, and that he'd fight me,
My sword should clear the way, and purchase honor,
But ah ! what shall I say I doat upon her,
I languish by degrees, grief is ensuing,
Thus with a greater ease she proves my ruin.

IV.

No weapon can compare with Cupid's Arrow,
Strong walls no bulwarks are, they enter thorough,
Breast-plate and coat of Mail cannot defend me,
His arrows never fail which he doth send me,
But wound me to the heart, farewell to pleasure,
My sorrow, care, and smart is out of measure,
Cupid he stands aloof me to devour,
There is no Armor proof against his power,

V.

Fair Creature hear my crys, my mournful ditty,
Let thy bright Angel eyes look down in pitty,
Grant me one pleasant smile, for I adore thee,
And as a captive slave I fall before thee,
In hopes to find relief this wound ye gave me,
And it is you alone can kill or save me,
Let thy Commander be with joys delighted,
True love and loyalty should not be slighted.

Cynthia's Kind Answer.

SHe finds him all alone, and cry'd my Jewel,
Seace thy lamenting moan, I'll not be cruel,
Tho' I the wound might give, it sha'n't destroy thee,
My smiles shall make thee live while I enjoy thee,
Take here this melting kiss nothing shall grieve thee,
Here in these arms of mine I will receive thee,
A heart of loyalty here I surrender,
And vow to live or dye with my Commander.

An Excellent New SONG,
 CALLED,
The Ruined Virgin,
 OR,
The Hard-hearted Young-man.

To an Excellent new Play-house Tune.

With Allowance.

I.
YOU pretty Maidens all I pray give Ear,
 Unto my Downfall which I declare,
 Of Parentage I am
 Near to a Gentleman,
 As some now witness can the date of Year.

II.
 At fourteen years of Age with griefs I tell,
 Many a young man fair loved me well,
 I being Childish young,
 Believ'd a flatt'ring tongue,
 And fix'd my mind upon a brisk young man.

III.
 He said if I would not yield with him to dwell,
 He would go hang himself what e're befell,
 He rung and tore his hair,
 And wickedly did swear,
 His sword should end the care before me then.

IV.
 I hearing what he said grieved me sore,
 I took him for my Friend not for my Foe,
 Young man, said I, forbear,
 I pray let go your hair,
 I'll ease you of your care, and be your Bride.

V.
 Ohow he Jump'd for joy before me then,
 My love and only joy happies the man,
 He kindly me embrac'd,
 And hung about my Wastes,
 And then my love I plac'd on this young man.

VI.
 For two months space & more he Court'd me
 Day by Day, Night by Night he set by me,
 He let me take no rest
 I must sleep on his Breast,
 And then my Love I plac'd on this young man.

VII.
 The appointed day was set we were to wed,
 But first of all he stole my maiden-head,
 My Parents did not know,
 I lov'd this young man so,
 Which prov'd my overthrow, ruin'd me quite

VIII.
 When I with Child did prove & him had told,
 He call'd me twenty Whores brasen and bold
I know you not, says he,
Therefore be gone from me,
 This prov'd my misery, his love was cold.

IX.
 I was aham'd to stay where I was known,
 For straight away I went from my own home,
 I wander'd up and down
 From Sea-port town to town,
 Till in travel I fell down in the high-way.

X.
 Then taken up I were by women kind,
 whose friendship they did show nature did bind
 Delivered then I were
 Of two fine Babies fair,
 which caused me much care bewar'd by me.

Printed for, and Sold by Charles Barnet.

The Unjust Uncle :

O R,

The Perjur'd Maid of Essex's Unfortunate Destiny :

Who having made a solemn Contract with a young Man of that same County, was persuaded by her Uncle to forsake him and marry another : For which, as a just Example of her Inconstancy, she dy'd in their Presence so soon as she broke her Vows.

To the Tune of *The Languishing Swain*.

Licensed according to Order.

I.

YOU youthful Damsels far and near
Who shall this mournful Ditty hear,
Take care how you prove false in Love,
For there's a Righteous God above,

II.

Who knows the secret Vows you make ;
Or when you do such Contract break,
Strange Judgments follows out of Hand,
As by these Lines you'll understand.

III.

In *Essex* liv'd a Beauty bright,
Her Parents joy and Hearts delight,
Who oftentimes had courted been ;
For many came her Love to win.

IV.

Amongst the many Suitors came
A Youth of worthy Birth and Fame :
Fair charming Saint, he often cry'd,
I love none in the World beside.

V.

The youthful Damsel did reply,
There's those that has more Wealth than I,
Which you may have full well I know ;
And therefore to some other go.

VI.

Said he, My dear, I do declare
Might I enjoy a Lady fair
Of many Thousand Pounds a Year,
I'd slight it all for thee, my Dear,

VII.

Whose pleasant Charms I do adore ;
Grant me thy Love, I ask no more,
For that is better worth than Gold :
Let me one pleasant Smile behold.

VIII.

At length the Damsel did comply
Unto the Bonds of Loyalty ;
And many Vows betwixt them pass'd,
To love so long as Life should last.

IX.

A piece of Gold he likewise broke :
Which done, these very Words he spoke,
I'll love thee to my Dying-Day ;
Then dearest be not drawn away.

X.

If I do break my Vows, said she,
Let me a sad Example be ;
And not the least of Mercy find,
If ever once I change my Mind.

XI.

This Promise made, was soon forgot,
Her wealthy Uncle he would not
Yield she should wed her loyal Love ;
But break her Vows, and Perjur'd prove.

XII.

Said he, I have a Match in store,
Worth Forty Pounds a Year, and more ;
And you alone must be his Bride :
I dare not break my Vows, she cry'd.

XIII.

At length he took her to a Fair,
Likewise her new-found Lover, where
They did on sumptuous Dainties feast ;
Then then her Sorrows soon encreas'd.

XIV.

He would not let her be at rest,
But did most solemnly protest,
That if she did not change her Mind,
She should of him no Uncle find.

XV.

Poor Heart! through Fear she gave consent
To be his Bride : This done, she went
Unto the Window of the Room,
Where they beheld her dismal Doom.

XVI.

For looking forth into the Fair,
She saw her former Lover there ;
Which made her Eyes like Fountains run :
She sighing said, What have I done!

XVII.

She cry'd, as she her sighs did fetch,
I am a false forsworn Wretch ;
Nothing but sad Despair I see :
Oh Uncle, you have ruin'd me !

XVIII.

And as she made this sad Complaint,
Her Spirits then began to faint :
Then falling dead upon the Floor,
She never stir'd nor moved more.

XIX.

When she her Promise made at first,
She wish'd, if e'er she prov'd unjust,
That God would some Example show
On her, for falsely doing so.

XX.

According to her Wish she found,
As falling dead streight to the Ground.
Lovers by her fair Warning take,
And don't your Vows and Contracts break.

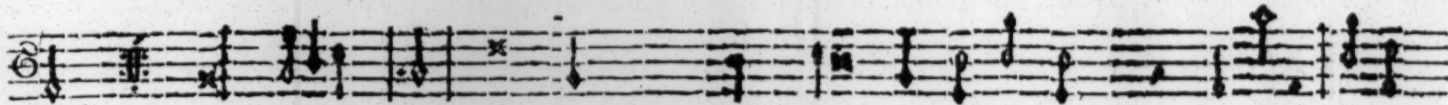
Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

The Indifferent LOVER,

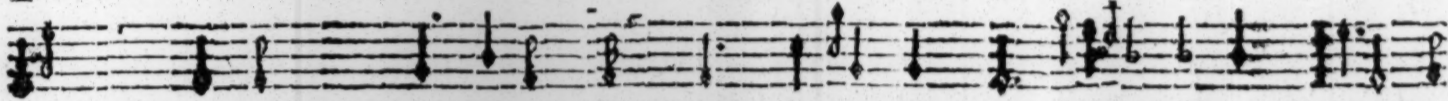
O R,

The Roving Batchelor.

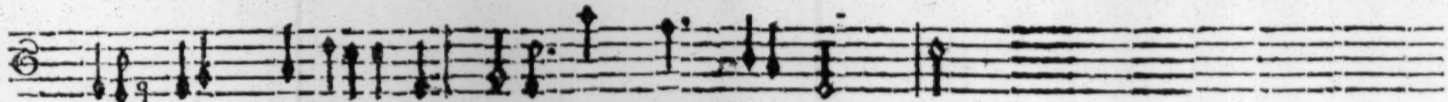
To a Pleasant new Tune, Sung in the last new Comedy, called *Amphytrion*, Or, *Fond Boy*.



For *Iris* I sigh and hourly Dye, but not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye; She's fickle and false



and there we agree, Oh! these are the Vertues that captivate me: We neither believe what



either can say, and neither believing, we neither betray.

(2)

'Tis civil to swear and say things of Course,
We mean not the taking for better for worse,
When present we love, when absent agree,
I think not of *Iris* nor *Iris* of me;

The Legend of Love, no Couple can find,
So easie to part, and so easily joyn'd.

(3)

I like not that Lover who'll whimpering stand,
And wait a whole day to kiss *Celias* fair hand,
No Beauty i'th' Town, tho' ten times as fair,
Can ever, can ever with *Celia* Compare:

How happy am I, who hourly find,
Those fair as his *Celia*, as his kind.

(4)

I am still in the Fashion, or Mode-a-la-France,
I think not upon her, unless by a chance,
Iris when present I fancy the best,
When absent I praise her no more then the rest:

Iris and *Phillis* to me are all one;
So soon I can love, and as soon can have done.

(5)

I can love for an hour, fair *Celia* and then,
I am Cloy'd of the Bliss, and Love *Iris* agen,
Till tyred of Happiness I do depart,
Go the next way and give *Phillis* my Heart:
Till *Cleo* appears, whose delicate Eye,
For an hour or two makes me languishing lye.

(6)

I love all I see when just in the fit,
Yet can in a Moment my Mistriss forget, (plain
Now Languish, now Love, now sigh and com-
Now love her, now hate her, and love her again.

I admire the Charms in *Celias* fair face,
Till *Phillis* appears to take up her place.

(7)

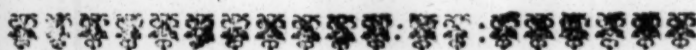
But of all the Beauties were ever admir'd,
Whose Company many fond Fops have desir'd,
Whose every Charm in their Faces so takes,
That several Coxcombs have dy'd for their sakes;
I never see any whose faces could Charm,
So much by their Smiles or Frowns for to harm.

(8)

If *Iris* Loves me, then I can Love her,
If she loves me not, then I can prefer,
Another before her; Or her fore another,
For I can Love one as well as the other;
My passion to all alike I'll discover,
And always remain an indifferent Lover.



F I N I S.



Printed for Ch. Bates, at the White Hart in
St. Dunstons Church-yard.

49

T H E
C A N T E R's Confession:
O R,
The Old Round-head
Turn'd R A N T E R.

To the Tune of, *The Guinea wins her*, &c.

G I've hear to my Confession,
Which freely I am making,
Friends I have some Discetion,
Or else I am mistaken;
'Tis true my hoary Head is gray,
Now indeed as very well it may,
For why, in Forty one,
I was a Zelor's Son,
And ever since those days,
Be't spoken to my praise,
I turn'd ten thousand ways,
And I still, can practise any thing that's ill.

Sirs, of a restless Spirit,
I ever was by Nature,
Good worthy Men of Merit,
I took delight to Satyr;
If they were of the weakest side.
Then I'd come in like a flowing Tide,
And let them understand
How far I bore command;
And then to cog and lye
And flatter, who but I,
My noble Standers-by;
I did Reign, much like a Villian then in grain.

I thought by my Ambition,
Myself an *Alexander*,
And got a high Commission,
To be a Field-Commander;
But once we having lost the day,
Like a nimble Deer I run away,
Full speed I think as most
Eight Horse or flying Poast;
The Sword which then I wore,
I threw away, and swore,
I'd never Fight no more,
For my part; I being frighted to the heart.

I chang'd my Cloak of Scarlet,
For one as black as Sable,
And vow'd, I'd cuff *Rome's* Harlet
As fierce as I was able,
But not with Carnal Weapons, no,
For the Preaching-Trade I straight did go;
Then, then, the Whore of *Rome*
From me receiv'd her Doom,
As loud as I could bawl,
I told her she should fall
With *Turk*, nay, *Pope* and all;
Thus, kind Sir, I made my party good with her.

But long this had not lasted,
Are I was out of favour,
My Glory being blasted,
My Mind began to waver;
I for a Time was in the dumps,
Till I had discover'd what was Trumps,
And then I play'd again,
But clear another strain,
Resolv'd I was to glide
With pleasant Wind and Tide,
And keep the strongest Side,
This is true, What would you have a Brother do?

Now, now, I am a *Quaker*,
A seeming serious Brother,
A head-strong party-maker,
My former Cant I'd smother,
But that I know the World has heard,
How in various Shaps I have appear'd;
Yet like a Babe of Grace,
I have a serious Face,
Likewise the gift of Prayer,
Besides, I do declare
I can with *Hectors* Swear;
Thus am I, fit for all kind of Company.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pje-corner.

An excellent New SONG, called,
The Intreagues of Love;
 O R,
One worth a Thousand.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

How happy are we,
 When we meet with a Beauty,
 That is charming and free,
 and knows more than her Duty:
 Women they were made for men,
 The Gods above allow the same;
 But this cunning Creature
 Will not yield to Nature,
 Nor will let you do't,
 Unless you court her to't,
 And give her Gold to boot,
 But you, you must ever swear for to be true.

But when the Guinea wins her,
 she's at your Devotion,
 She'll freely let you in Sir,
 and meet you in the motion;
 'T is then, if you behold her eyes,
 How they rowl when at the sport she lies;
 First, she turns the white,
 And then she shuts them quite,
 And then with all her might,
 She seems her Lips to bite,
 And swears you're her Delight,
 Such Joys sure she never felt the like before.

And if you have but Gold Sir,
 with you she'll be moving,
 She cares not though you're old Sir,
 she will be fond and loving,
 In Love she'll pass the time away,
 And ask you all the night to stay,

And for your money's sake,
 She'll hang about your Neck,
 And give a Kiss to please,
 And then your hand she'll squeeze,
 And look with dying Eyes, [there.
 And swear, swear she dies if that you leave her

When she's got your Treasure,
 and left you no money,
 Then you must wait her leisure,
 while another she calls Hunny;
 She minds not all the Oaths you swear,
 Although you vow you love her ne're seduce
 But he that brings the Cole,
 Shall have my Ladys Hole,
 For money is the cry,
 Fine Rigging for to buy,
 Or else she will deny
 The toy, toy, the Cullies of the Town call joy.

But where's the Charming Beauty,
 that's constant and loyal,
 That loves and will be true to ye,
 when put to the tryal;
 Although you'd Guineas give her down,
 Yet she no ways can be like the Town,
 For she'll be just and true,
 And lye with none but you,
 While the jilting Whore
 ets you and thousands more,
 To do her o'er and o'er,
 And swears each is the man she does adore.

The two Unhappy Lovers;

Being a Wealthy Merchant who broke his heart for Love, and the
Mercers Beautiful Daughter, who after his Death, Poysoned her
self in despair.

Tune of, *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

Licensed According to Order.



I.

IN London there lived a Beautiful Maid,
Only Daughter unto a Rich Mercer by Trade,
VWho had left to her Portion full three thousand pound,
Thus both Riches and beauty in her did abound;
But the Pride of her insolent heart soar'd above
All the graces of Beauty, and blasted her Love.

II.

As through the fair City she blazed her fame,
For to Court her, a Merchant and Shop-keeper came
Nay, a wealthy young Squire, and Curnol likewise,
Each endeavour'd to gain this Rich Beautiful prize,
But their proffered Services prov'd but in vain,
For she frown'd, and returned the Darts of disdain.

III.

I'll have no Mechanick Shop-keeper, she cry'd,
Nor shall any poor Souldier e're live by my side;
No, nor Merchant, who ventures his stock on the Seas
She return'd them such insolent answers as these;
But the wealthy young Squire she fancy'd we hear,
VWhose Estate was some five or six thousand a year.

IV.

The Noble brave Curnol he valu'd her not,
And the Shop-keeper straightways her beauty forgot;
But the wounded young Merchant he languishing cry'd,
Have I lov'd her! yet must I be clearly deny'd?
O go tell her, except she some pitty will take,
That her Languishing Lover must dye for her sake.

V.

She soon was inform'd of her languishing Love,
Yet no manner of pitty this Damsel could move;
But she laugh'd in derision and thus did reply,
I'll not hinder the Youth, if he's willing to dye;
For no Merchant my Person shall ever embrace,
While a Rich noble Gallant young Squire's in place.

VI.

So soon as her Answer was brought to his Ear,
He reply'd with a Sigh and a Sorrowful tear,
I am ruin'd by Beauty, my Glory is fled,
In the dark silent Grave I will now lay my Head
Thus he straitway departed, and left her to know,
Many days of sad sorrow for slighting him so.

VII.

The Squire whom she did so dearly adore,
He rejected her Charms, and came near her no more,
This beginning of sorrow she presently found,
For the Arrows of Cupid had given the VVound,
And did cause her in passionate sorrow to cry,
There is none in the world more unhappy than I.

VIII.

My true Love the Merchant I sent to the Grave,
VWhen it lay in my absolute power to save
His dear innocent Life; nay, I kill'd him with grief,
And deny'd him so much as one glance of relief;
Therefore now to my passionate sorrow I find,
I am justly rewarded, and serv'd in my kind.

IX.

After my true love to the Grave let me go,
For here's nothing but torment and trouble I know,
With which my poor sorrowful Soul is oppress'd,
Let this Potion of Poyson now end the contest,
Then she took up the draught, and did trembling cry,
I am coming my Love, for thy sake I will dye.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Conyers, at the Anchor and Bible near
St. Peter's Church in Cornhill.

The Languishing Lady ;

Or , *The False-hearted Lovers Unspeakable Cruelty.*

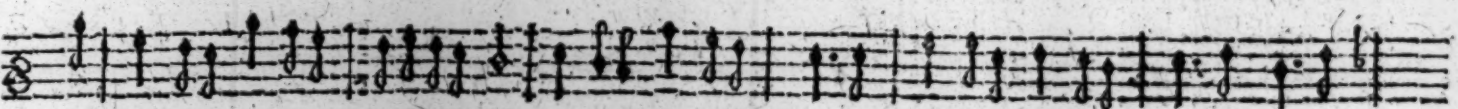
To an Excellent new Tune.



VVelcome death, the cure of all my sorrow, thou alone can'st give me ease ;



Of all the delights my senses e're did borrow , none could e're my fancy please :



Since love has transported me so in sadness , that I languish and despair ; In all



the degrees of love I find a madness , which causes all my grief and care.

II.

When first these Eyes of mine did view him,
O how my heart was inflam'd to love,
I lost my senses ever since I know him,
since he to me does unconstant prove :
Love, that transports me so in sadness,
makes me languish and complain,
O cruel *Cupid*, come and ease my madness,
let me no longer grieve in vain.

III.

Farewel joy, and farewel pleasure,
farewel all things of delight,
For of sorrow I have had my measure,
unto all I bid good-night ;
Farewel to him, the cause of all my weeping,
I hope he will never thrive in love,
And she that has gotten his heart in keeping,
may she for ever unconstant prove.

IV.

Thus shall my bleeding wrongs be righted,
while I range the silent shade,
And my ungrateful love be requited,
who my yielding heart betray'd :
Long was I woo'd before I consented
unto the thoughts of love, said she,
Till he in sorrowful sighs lamented,
blaming me for my cruelty.

VI.

Now when I heard this mournful ditty,
while in sighs he did complain,
I was immediately mov'd to pity,
granting love for love again :
But I have found him now most deceitful,
I of his pretence am deny'd,
Never was lover sure so ungrateful,
as he has been to me, the cry'd.

VII.

Did he not once admire my beauty,
and did solemnly declare,
That he did count it a damsel's duty,
to be full as kind as fair :
Then in his arms he'd freely receive me,
saying, he did my Charms adore :
Yet after all he does slight and leave me,
was ever man so false before ?

VIII.

He little knows what bitter anguish,
does my drooping spirits seize,
Here in this bower I lye and languish,
shall I never be at ease ?
Yes, when I in the grave lye a sleeping,
then my false love may wish in vain,
Yet neither sorrowful sighs, nor weeping,
e're can recall me back again.

53

T H E
Suffering LOVER:
O R,
Fair *FLORAMELLA*'s Melting Petition
T O H E R
Dear PHILANDER.

To an excellent new Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

IN the desarts of *Greenland*,
where the sun ne'er cast an eye,
Blest with thee, my dear *Philander*,
I could chuse to live and dye:
No nymph with her sly subtil art,
E'er shall have power to steal my heart,
Thou art all in all in every part,
Each vein of me, shall ever be
Panting for love of thee.

On the sands of scorch'd *Africk*,
where the sun-burn'd natives fry,
Blest with thee, my dear *Philander*,
I could chuse to live and dye:
No swain with his aid, wit, or art,
E'er shall have power to storm my heart,
Thou art all in all in every part,
Each vein of me, shall ever be
Panting for love of me.

In desarts of *Arabia*,
from which place all creatures fly,
Blest with thee, my dear *Philander*,
I could chuse to live and dye:
Such pleasures I with thee should find,
That would ease the anguish of my mind,
For to none but thee will I e'er be kind,
Each vein of me, shall ever be
Panting for love of thee.

Thro' the greatest of danger,
I would venture with my dear,
And my heart should be a stranger,
to the sad effects of fear:
If on the raging ocean sea,
Thou would then my skilful pilot be,
Therefore thro' the world I'd wander with thee,
Each vein of me, shall every be
Panting for love of thee.

No joys are worth possessing,
thro' the universe below,
Should I be deny'd the blessing,
of my dear *Philander*, tho'
I might enjoy a diadem,
And in golden streams of pleasure swim,
I would slight them all in respect of him,
Whom evermore, I will adore,
He has my heart in store.

Fly to thy *Floramella*,
for to cheer her drooping heart;
Should I wear the wreath willow,
'T would be like a fatal dart:
Then dear *Philander* come away,
I long to see the delightful day,
Which will crown our joy with innocent play,
Each vein of me, shall ever be
Panting for love of thee.

Let me never be slighted
for the love which I bear,
Least my wrongs they should be righted,
by your languishing despair;
For should you kill me with disdain,
Then tears and sorrow would be in vain,
A lost life they can't recover again,
The veins in me, shall ever be
Panting for love of thee.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N: Printed for C. Bates, at
the White-hart in West-Smithfield.

54

An Excellent new SONG Call'd,
The Female D U E L ;
O R,
The Victorious Williamite Lady,
Who was challeng'd to Fight a Duel by a
J A C O B I T E Lady.

Tune of, *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

*I*N *Yorkshire* late happen'd a desperate fight
'Tween a *Jacobite* lady and a *Williamite*,
'Twas fought with such courage no men could do more,
Nor the like was nere known 'tween two women before;
For each met in the field with her sword by her side,
Resolving the same should their quarrel decide.

'Twas after this manner the fray did begin,
At a Knight's in *Yorkshire* at a merry-making,
There many fair ladies and gentlemen din'd,
When dinner was over then round went the wind,
By that time each drank for their shear a whole quart,
Then a bumper round (for a health) at a draught.

Says the *Jacobite* lady, Drink a health to the King,
Says the *Williamite* lady, That health I'll begin,
In the field he's a monarch that's valiant and brave,
And does venture his life these three kingdoms to save,
Come madam, success to king *William* I say,
And to all his brave forces by land and by sea.

The *Jacobite* lady being put to a stand,
Immediately struck glass and wine from her hand,
And called her rebellious *Heretick* too,
Then took up a bottle to give her a blow;
But some there did hinder her furious design,
And fain would perswade her to friendship that time.

But nothing her passion that time could assuage,
She rise up in a fury, went away in a rage;
Next Morning she sent her a letter with speed;
When the *Williamite* Lady the same once did read,

She found she was challeng'd, a sword she must bring,
And fight her, for drinking a health to the king.

The *Williamite* lady not daunted in mind,
But answer did send, she would meet at the time:
A suit of her brother's this lady put on,
With a sword by her side too she marched along,
To meet her bold challenger fairly to fight,
For she said she'd not fear any the *Jacobite*.

You are for king *William*, the *Jacobite* cry'd;
I am so, and will be while I live, she reply'd:
Then you and I must have a tryal of skill;
You see I'm prepar'd to kill, or be kill'd.
Then bravely they thrust at each other I say,
But the *Jacobite* lady was forc'd to give way.

Their glittering swords they did heartily push,
Till the *Jacobite* lady fell into a bush.
A man who did spie them came running in hast,
And held, as he thought, a young man by the waist,
Till the lady who fell, and lay bleeding, did cry,
I am wounded, come help me, or else I shall dye.

Her hat and wigg falling off made them be known,
Or else they had gone for two young men unknown;
But when I found out who these young women were,
They beg'd I would not their strange quarrel declare;
And had not ones Brother came just as he did,
This secret for me should for ever been hid.

F I N I S.

The Unconscionable Gallant:

O R,

The Beautiful Lady's Misfortune.

To the Tune of, *Fond Boy, &c.*

Licensed according to Order.



Now I pray you attend, to the Lines that are penn'd, Pry the be not so nice, 'tis a very good Price,
Which abroad to the World we in merriment And thou knows very well 'twill be earn'd in a trice:
It is absolute now, and they say it is true, [send; Therefore do not deny, but with reason comply,
Therefore listen a while unto what shall insue: And perhaps for my Jewel a Cornet I'll buy.
A young Gallant of Fame to a Friend's House he came, But the Answer she gave, You must give what I crave
Where he sent for a fair and young beautiful Dame.] 'Tis in vain to dispute, for ten shillings I'll have.

When her Charms he beheld he with Raptures was
Yet altho he in Courting was very well Skill'd [fill'd,
His fine Amourus Tale could in no wise prevail,
For without Half a Peice of his Joys he should fail:
Like a Lady of State she had told him the Rate,
And this done, not a Penny or Farthing she'd Bait.

When he found her so stout, he began to fall out,
And, as some says, he threaten'd to Kick her about:
Since her price she'd not bait, faith his Love turn'd to
And he threaten'd to Call for an Officer strait: [hate,
If you will have 'ull Ten, I will punish you then
That can be so hard-hearted and Cruel to Men.

Half a Peice is too much for a poor single touch,
Therefore pray use a Conscience, for faith I do grutch
To give more than a Crown for a bit of the Brown,
I can have it for less of the Girls of the Town:
Therefore make not this fuss, and stand scrving me thus,
For a light Gain they say makes a rich golden Purse.

Now the Lady Reply'd, in regard you'r deny'd,
Can you be so uncivil your friend to Deride?
Yes, I will then, he swore: And, Mils, what is more,
Some good Justice of Peace you shall now go before,
To Receive the Reward that the Law will afford.
Streight with Tears in her Eyes she his pity implor'd.

If a Lady you lack, Sir, I stand to my tack,
For I'll have you to know I am no common Crack,
That for Six pence or less will their kindness express,
You may see that I go in a rich silken Dress,
Paint with powdered Hair and black Patches I wear,
Which cannot be maintain'd with that Price I declare.

The Disgrace I do fear, therefore let me go clear,
And my Scarf with Five Shillings, I'll tender you here,
Had I here so much more, I would part with my store,
For, alas! I was never so fitted before.
Then he pity'd her Case, and would hide the disgrace,
And without more to do they departed the place.



Then I being willing to know the reason
of the sad moan which the Damsel made,
There I resolved to tarry a season,
straight with a sorrowfull sigh she said,
he made a Uow and now he forgoes it,
I never knew the reason why;
While I was with him, full well he knows it,
never was Lover more true than I.

Down from her Eyes then her Tears they were
so that her Passion encreased sore; (showing
To her alas! I would fain have been going,
but that I fear'd to offend her more:
Her very Tears and Sighs did grieve me,
the which did seem to pierce the Sky,
Saying, alas! though my Love does leave me
never was Creature more true than I.

When he did call me his dear Love and Jewel,
making to me a most solemn Uow,
I never thought he could have been so cruel
as to my Sorrow I find him now.
By his fair Words I was deluded
therefore I here in Sorrow lye,
Tho' from his presence I am excluded
never was Creature more true than I.

Strephon he oftentimes su'd for my favour,
never was any young Swain so kind,
But my Affections was settled for ever,
I cannot waver with any Wind

No other Swain shall e'er enjoy me,
I for his sake had rather dye,
Tho' by Unkindness he does destroy me,
never was Creature more true than I.

Long was I wa'de'er he once cou'd obtain me,
fearing, alas! what I find too true,
he most unworthily now does restrain me,
here may I bid all my Joys adieu:
This yielding Heart has prob'd my ruine,
here in this silent Grobe I'll dye,
Nothing but Sorrows I find ensuing.
never was Creature more true than I.

I'll bid adieu to that ungratefull Creature
which is the cause of my grief and woe,
Death I desire, there's nothing more sweeter
to the Elizium Shades I'll goe;
Where with young Lovers I will wander,
free from this sad Extremity;
I cannot bear what I now lye under,
never was Creature more true than I.

With that her speech began for to fail her,
saying, Farewell to my unkind Love.
Every Creature did seem to bewail her,
nothing was pleasant in all the Grobe:
Her silken Locks, alas, she rended,
saying, I here for Love must Dye!
With these last words then her Sorrows ended.
never was Creature more true than I.

True Lovers Extremity; O R, The Maidens miserable Moan.

This Charming Fair, through deep Dispair,
did end her Days in Grief:



To Death alone, she made her moan,
who yielded her Relief.

To the Tune of, Charon make hast, &c.

This may be Printed, R. P.



I Having an hour of time and leisure, straight to the Valley I did repair, And where I resolv'd



to take my Pleasure, among the Lillies so sweet and fair: I in a moment was amazed,



hearing a youthful Damsel cry, As in a Passion her Voice she rais'd, never was Lover
more true than I.



He exprest his Loyalty,
and proffer'd to advance her,
But the Maid in Modesty,
returned him this answer:
Saying my self I'll not ingage,
but reckon some years to rary,
I am not Sixteen years of Age,
and therefore too young to Marry.

Love, said he, I pray forbear,
this seeming feigned Story,
Youth and Beauty may compare,
with Flora in her Glory:
But pray what Man alive will wed,
or in th' least come a Wooing,
To Winters Snowy frosty head,
where Beauty is run to ruine?

Some Young Men will Court for Coyne
and with Old Wives will Marry.
But this is not my design,
for fear I should miscarry:
For I'll not have one Rich if Old,
such Wives young Men ne'r please;
For I should have with bags of Gold,
a thousand or two Diseases.

But in thy sweet Charming Face,
the Red Rose and the Lilly
Does appear with such a Grace,
the which has wounded Willy:
I thee adore, my Dear, my Dove,
might I have the choice of many,
Give me the Lass I dearly love,
tho' her Portion be not one Penny.

I have Sheep and Lambs good store,
and likewise Corn each Harvest,
Yet if I had ten times more,
it should be at thy service.
She hearing what her Love did say,
she presently consented,
And they were Marry'd last Holiday,
and now they live both contented.

He having thus obtain'd the Prize,
their joys are both complicated,
Now they do to Riches rise,
no Lovers better seated:
Since she did willingly comply,
there needed no Disputation,
She is a Jewel in his Eye,
and the Glory of all the Nation.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

Wealthy Farmers Choice,

Or, *The Beautiful Damosels Fortunate Marriage.*

Fair Beauty bright, was his delight,
he would not Wed for Gold;

} }

In his Loves Face, each Charming Grace,
his Fancy did behold.

To the Tune of *Cold and Raw.*

This may be Printed, *R. P.*



Near a pleasant shady Grove,
in prime of Summer weather,
There a Young man and his Love,
was sitting close together;
In sugred words to her he speaks,
saying, he'd ne'r disgrace her,
Then stroaking her fair Rosie Cheeks,
he lovingly did Embrace her.

Then he took her by the Hand;
saying, I come to Wooe thee,
I have Riches, House and Land;
with which I will Endow thee:

All that's mine thou shalt enjoy,
my Love and only Honey;
Then let us Kisse, and be not Coy,
thou shalt not want for Money.

Like a Lady fair and gay,
my dear I will Attire,
Therefore do not say him nay,
who does you so admire:
For ever since I saw your Eyes,
I have been in care surrounded,
O do not seem to Tyrannize,
over a true Lover wounded.

An Excellent SONG,
 CALL'D
 The Frighted French,
 OR,
 Ruffel Scouring the Seas.

to a pleasant Tune.

Ruffel on the Ocean,
 Minding *Tourvil's* Motion,
 Made them to run at the noise of our Guns
 And *Toulon* shall be their portion,
 The French must trot it home by Land,
 Whilst *Ruffel* on the Seas Command,
 Sound the Trumpet beat the Drum while the French
 Sound the Trumpet, &c. (do run,
 Sound the Trumpet &c. Still before us.

Now the Spring's a coming,
 Our English will be burning
 Your Towns that be builded near the Sea,
 You'll find the Seamen Booming;
 Then let your Armies all advance,
 Yet we'll lye on the Coast of France,
 Sounding Trumpet beating Drum while their Towns
 Sounding Trumpet, &c. (do burn
 Sounding Trumpet, &c. Unto ashes.

The Turk and the Barbarian,
 How the English Fleet do scare 'em,
 And make them to know before they do go,
 That the French shall dread and fear 'em,
 Now *Monsieur* bring out all you can,
 We'll fight you Ship, or Man for Man,
 Sound the Trumpet beat the Drum, if the French
 Sound the Trumpet, &c. (do come,
 Sound the Trumpet, &c. We will fight 'em.

Each brave English Freeman
 Will be a jolly Seaman
 With *Ruffel* we'll go for to fight the Foe,
 For the Honour of old England;
 Let *Tourvil* with his Fleet then come,
 Some we'll sink, and some we'll burn,
 Gun for Gun we'll give them too, while they cry
 Gun for Gun, &c. (Morblew,
 Gun for Gun, &c. We are routed.

The Turk, they are much grieved,
 Altho they still believed
 That the French Fleet could the English beat,
 But now they are deceived,
 In *Tholoz* they all do sneak and hide,
 Whilst *Ruffel* in the Straights do ride.
 Daring *Tourvil* for to come and bring out his Fleet,
 Daring, &c.
 Daring, &c. For to Fight us.

Since the French are frightened,
 They by the World are slighted,
 For *Ruffel* the brave is Resolv'd for to have
 The English Nation Righted,
 He cares not what the French can do,
 Since the Red Squadron and the Blue
 Are full resolved for to be Masters of the Sea,
 Are full, &c.
 Are full, &c. 'n spite of Monsieur.

Marriner
59

The Faithful Marriner :

O R,
A Copy of VERSES

Writ by a Seaman on Board the *Britannia* in the Streights,
and directed to fair *Isabel*, his loyal Love, in the City of *London*.

Tune of, *The False-hearted Young Man*: or, *The Languishing Swain*.

Fair *Isabel* of beauty bright,
To thee in love these lines I write,
Hoping thou art alive and well,
As I am now, as I am now,

Fair *Isabel*.

On board the brave *Britannia* bold,
I have the fortune to behold,
The sweet delightful banks of *Spain*,
While in the Streights, while in the Streights
We do remain.

The *Spanish* lords of high renown,
And gentery come swarming down,
To see the *British* royal Fleet,
With swelling sails, with swelling sails,
And streamers sweet.

While we appear'd in all our pride,
The seas was ne'er so beautif'd,
With able men of war before,
Along the streights, along the streights
And *Spanish*-shore.

We have no storms nor weather foul,
To make the roaring billows roul,
But pleasant breathing gentle gales,
Enough to fill, enough to fill
Our swelling sails.

Along the coast of *Barbary*,
The *Agerine* they flock'd to see
Our warlike Fleet of royal fame,
And stood amaz'd, and stood amaz'd
To see the same.

The longer they the Fleet beheld,
The more they were with wonder fill'd;
As knowing we were *Britans* bold,
And that the *French*, and that the *French*
False tales had told.

For *Turvil* made the *Turk* believe,
That he no damage could receive;
For of a truth he did declare,
That masters of, that masters of
The seas they were.

This will for truth no longer go,
For *Turvil* fears great *Russel* so,
That for *Thoulon* he fear'd away;
He han't forgot, he han't forgot
The month of *May*.

With *Russel* he is loath to deal,
For fear a second warlike peal
Should shake their whole foundation so,
That it might prove, that it might prove
Their overthrow.

Once more my dear and tender dove,
Fair *Isabel*, my loyal love,
Except of these few lines I send,
Who will remain, who will remain
Your faithful friend.

Tho we are separated now,
I'll not forget that solemn vow,
Made when I left my native land,
To go on board, to go on board
Under command.

Then dearest do not grieve nor mourn,
With patience wait my safe return;
And then we'll both united be,
In lasting bonds, in lasting bonds,
Of loyalty.

The figure of a heart I send,
And round the same these lines are pen'd:
The chain of love has link'd it fast,
So long as life, so long as life
And breath shall last.

L O N D O N: Printed for J. Blare, on London-bridge.

The Duke's Daughter's Cruelty:

OR, THE

Wonderful Apparition of two Infants whom she Murther'd
and Buried in a Forrest, for to hide her Shame.

To an excellent new Tune.

Licensed according to Order.

There was a Duke's Daughter lived in York,
Come bend and bear away the Bows of Tew,
So secretly she loved her Father's Clark,
Gentle Hearts be to me true.

She lov'd him long and manly a day,
Come bend, &c.

Till big with Child she went away,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She went into the wide Wilderness,
Come bend, &c.

Poor she was to be pitied for her heaviness,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She leant her back against a Tree,
Come bend, &c.

And there she endur'd much misery,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She leant her back against an Oak,
Come bend, &c.

With bitter sighs these words she spoke,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She set her foot against a Thorne,
Come bend, &c.

And there she had two pritty Babes born,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She took her filliting off her head,
Come bend, &c.

And there she ty'd them hand and leg,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She had a Penknife long and sharp,
Come bend, &c.

And there she stuck them to the heart,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She dug a Grave, it was long and deep,
Come bend, &c.

And there she laid them into sleep,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

The coldest Earth it was their Bed,
Come bend, &c.

The green Grass was their Coverlid,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

She cut her hair and changed her Name,
Come bend, &c.

From Fair *Elinor* to Sweet *William*,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

As she was a gowing by her Father's hall,
Come bend, &c.

She see three Children a playing at ball,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

One was drest in Scarlet fine,
Come bend, &c.

And the other as naked as e're they was born,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O Mother, O Mother, if these Children was
Come bend, &c. [mine,

I would drest them Scarlet fine,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O Mother, O Mother when we was thine,
Come bend, &c.

You did not drest us in Scarlet fine,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You set your back against a Tree,
Come bend, &c.

And there you endored great misery,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You set you foot against a Thorne,
Come bend, &c.

And there you had us pritty Babes born,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You took your filliting off your head,
Come bend, &c.

And there you bound us hard to leg,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You had a Penknife long and sharp,
Come bend, &c.

And there you stuck us to the heart,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

You dug a Grave, it was long and deep,
Come bend, &c.

And there you laid us into sleep,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

The coldest Earth it was our Bed,
Come bend, &c.

The green Grass was our Coverlid,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O Mother, O Mother for your sin,
Come bend, &c.

Heaven-gate you shall not enter in,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

O Mother, O Mother for your sin,
Come bend, &c.

Hell-gates stands open to let you in,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

The Lady's cheeks look'd pale and wand,
Come bend, &c.

Alas! said she, what have I done?
Gentle Hearts, &c.

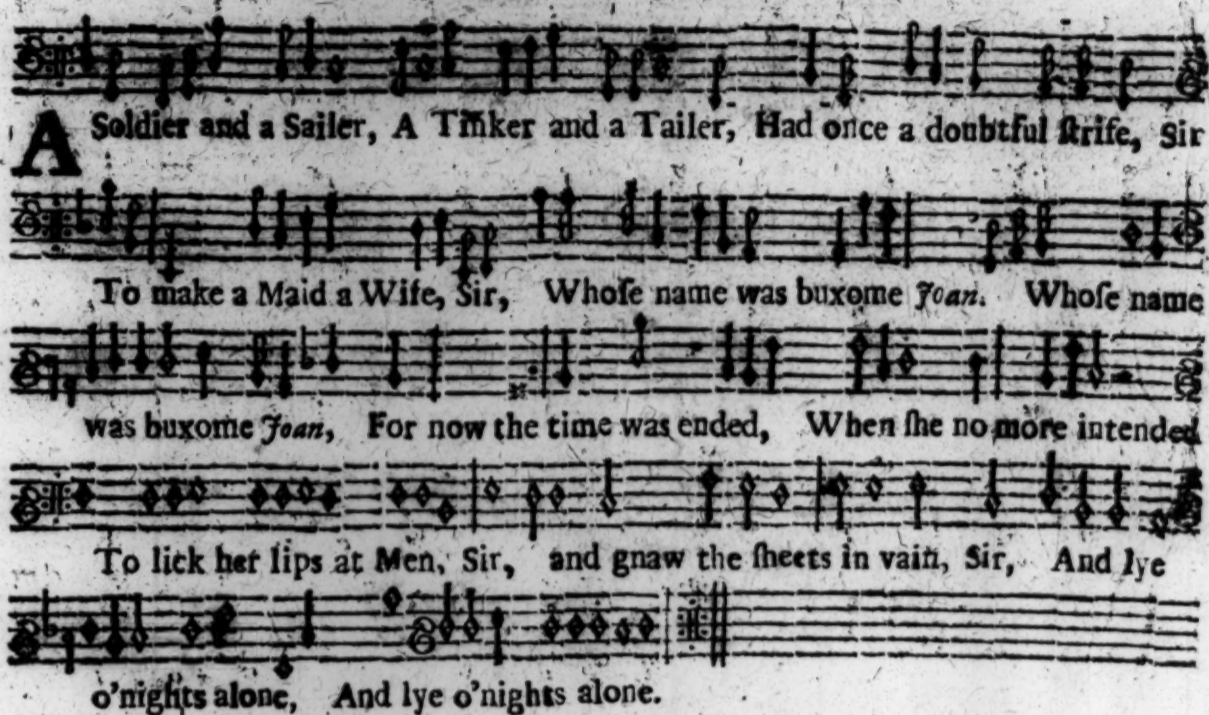
She tore her silken locks of hair,
Come bend, &c.

And dy'd away in sad despair,
Gentle Hearts, &c.

Young Ladies all of beauty bright,

Come bend and bear away the Bows of Tew,
Take warning by her last good-night,
Gentle Hearts be to me true.

Buxome Joan of Lymas's Love to a jolly Sailer:
K O R,
The Maiden's Choice:
Being LOVE for LOVE again.
To an excellent new Play-house Tune.



A Soldier and a Sailer, A Tinker and a Tailer, Had once a doubtful Wife, Sir
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir, Whose name was buxome Joan. Whose name
was buxome Joan, For now the time was ended, When she no more intended
To lick her lips at Men, Sir, and gnaw the sheets in vain, Sir, And lye
o'nights alone, And lye o'nights alone.

The Soldier swore like thunder,
He lov'd her more than plunder;
And shew'd her many a scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her sake.
With fighting, &c.

The Tailor thought to please her,
With off'ring her his Measure:
The Tinker too with mettle,
Said he could mend her kettle,
And stop up e'ry leak.
And stop, &c.

But while those three were prating,
The Sailer slyly waiting;
Thought if it came about, Sir,
That they should all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his part.
He then, &c.

And just e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Logger-heads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A shot 'twixt wind and water,
Which won this fair Maid's heart.
Which won, &c.

The Souldier being frustrate,
Like Boreas lowdly bluster'd,
And wou'd have satisfaction,
For such a treach'rous action,
Done by the cunning Tar,
Done by, &c.

But he aboard his Pinace,
Ne'er fear'd the Bully's menace,
But lustily he ply'd, Sir,
Against both wind and tide, Sir,
Like any Man of War,
Like any, &c.

The Tailer boldly vows too,
He'll serve him like a Louse too,
And with his bloody shears, Sir,
Will cut off both his ears, Sir,
For stealing of his Love,
For stealing, &c.

But he his end had compass'd,
And laugh'd at Bodkin's bombast;
Still pointing right his needle,
He launch'd into the middle;
She tost and heav'd, he drove,
She tost, &c.

Then, next, the Man of mettle
Began to beat his Kettle,
And swore, that (with a pox) he
Would thump him and his doxy,
If ever he came near,
If ever, &c.

But still the merry Sailer,
Defy'd Buff, Brags, and Tailer,
Whilst, in his jolly mood, her
He manag'd with his rudder,
And right his course did steer,
And right, &c.

62

An Excellent New SONG, Call'd,
The Languishing Swain:
 Or, The Hard-hearted SHEPHERDESS.

To a pleasant New Play-Tune.

Licensed according to Order.



H Appy's the Man that's free from love,
 He'll range the Woods and shady Grove,
 He'll neither mind the Great nor small,
 But a good Condition's best of all.

My only Care was how to keep
 From cruel Woolves my Harmless Sheep;
 Although from Woolves my Sheep I kept,
 None could my heart from love protect.

There's ne'r a one upon the Plain,
 That loves like me poor harmless Swain,
 But now I find unto my cost,
 He that loves best shall suffer most.

No Swain there is that sure be
 So wretched in their love as me,
 For Love I loose Lambs, Life, and all,
 And yet can gain no love at all.

O cruel Gods what have I done,
 That I must be despis'd alone;
 There is no Swain that I can find
 Tormented thus by Woman-kind?

My love I made to her alone,
 Yet did she never mind my moan:
 I beg'd, I sigh'd, and often cry'd
 For pity, but she still deny'd.

When I beheld her on the Green,
 She seem'd to me like beauties Queen,
 My heart was wounded then with love,
 And I the pain cannot remove.

When I of love to her do speak,
 She flouts; this makes my heart to break;
 One smile I beg she turns her head.
 With frown, that strikes me almost dead.

Till now I ne'r lov'd any one,
 Yet by my love I am undone,
 For though she is all charming fair,
 Her coyness causes deep despair.

Can others Nymphs as fair as she,
 Show to their loves such Cruelty?
 If so, Why do I thus complain,
 Since Modesty makes them Disdain?

Once more I'll see her killing Eye,
 Altho' ten thousand Deaths I dye;
 Praying her Heart may soften'd be,
 That she may pity take on me.

But if she has no tender Heart,
 Nor will not ease my bleeding smart;
 Then will I sing out to my cost,
 He who loves best must suffer most.

Printed for F. Blare, at the Sign of the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge.

T H E
 Protestant FATHER's
 A D V I C E
 T O H I S
 A M B I T I O U S S O N.

To the Tune of, *State and Ambition.*

State and Ambition, alas, will deceive you,
 there's no solid Joy but in Blessings above;
 Of all Comforts here, Heaven soon will bereave you,
 your Estates and your Bags it will shortly remove;
 But he that inherits a Portion of Grace,
 he may lye down in Peace and take his sweet rest,
 If after this life his Footsteps you'll Trace, [blest.
 you will find that with Saints and with Angels he's

His Portion is lasting, his Pleasures are certain,
 his Joys are unmixt, and his Blessings are sure;
 When the comforts of Earth are all fading & parting,
 his Peace and his Pleasures shall ever endure:
 His Labours shall meet with a Kingdom and Crown,
 his Glory and Joy shall never have end;
 When the Sun, Moon and Stars shall all tumble down,
 with glorious Arch-Angels his time he shall spend.

Oh! then let us mount our Hearts up to Heaven,
 let our Souls be rouz'd up above this dull Earth;
 In *Sion* our Sins shall all be Forgiven,
 it's there, only there we can have our true Mirth:
 The World, alas, at best is a Bubble,
 a Shadow, a Dream, a Thing of no worth;
 At best, it breeds Vexation and Trouble,
 and Sorrow, and Misery often brings forth.

Then live such a Life as you wou'd wish dying,
 a Life of Religion, of Truth and of Zeal, [ing,
 For your Time it has Wings and you'll find it still fly-
 'twill suddenly post you to Woe or to Weal:
 O! happ's that Man, thrice happy is he,
 whose end and whose aim are at Blessings above;
 The Beauty of *Sion* he shortly shall see,
 and still be surrounded with heavenly Love.

What heavenly Raptures and Anthems are found- [ing
 in Ears of the Saints and the Angels in rest?
 Love, kindness and sweetness in Heaven's abounding,
 unspeakable Joy is attending the Blest;
 Lute, Timbrel and Harp are warbling out Praise,
 and filling the Heaven with glorious Delight,
 And the Blest Son of Man with his beauteous Rays,
 adorns all his Saints makes them glorious and [bright.

Since *Heaven's* so glorious, and *Earth's* such a trouble,
 it's madnes and nonsense to dye unprepar'd;
 The Richest have found the whole *Globe* but a bubble,
 they that great Lands & great Fortunes have shard;
 No Joy that is real the World can allow,
 no Comfort, no Pleasure, no Mirth nor Content;
 Then why to this Wealth do Men foolishly bow?
 and why are our days so sordidly Spent?

Unconstant Damon :

O R,

Clorinda's Languishing Lamentation :

To a delightfull new Tune, or, *He that loves best must suffer most.*

Licensed according to Order.



I.

Some mournful Muse attend my Quill,
While I the Shades and Valleys fill,
With Sighs and sad lamenting Cries,
Since Damon doth my Love despise:

*Here for his sake I bleeding lye,
And fain I would but cannot dye.*

II.

Among the Mountains did I rove,
And likewise e'ery silent Grove,
To find out my Disloyal Swain;
But yet I find it all in vain.

*Now for his sake I bleeding lye,
And fain I would but cannot dye.*

III.

When first the Shades I did frequent,
I little knew what Lovers meant;
My freedom then I did enjoy,
But Damon did the same destroy:

*Now for his sake I bleeding lye,
And fain I would but cannot dye.*

4.

Why doth the God of Love invade
The Heart of a young harmless Maid?
And leave me likewise bound, faith she,
In Chains of sad Captivity?

*Where I in Sorrow sighing lye,
And fain I would, but cannot dye.*

5.

No longer can I now Conceal
My flames, but must the same reveal;
For Cupid with his Golden Dart,
Has wounded deep my yielding Heart,

*See that in melting Tears I lye,
And fain I would, but cannot dye.*

6.

The Rose and Lillys which did twine,
Here in these youthful Cheeks of mine,
Are now become as pale as Lead,
Since all my splendid Glory's fled:

*For Damon's sake, I Bleeding lye,
And fain I would, but cannot dye.*

7.

The fatal stroke make haste to give,
For I had rather dye than live
In so much Torment, Grief and Pain;
Farewell thou false and perjur'd Swain:

*In Grief alas! I bleeding lye,
And fain I would, but cannot dye.*

8.

Here I invoke the Powers above,
To pity me whose Pain is Love,
And yield me now this day Relief,
To ease the anguish of my Grief:

*For here alas! I bleeding lye,
And fain I would, but cannot dye.*

9.

What have I done to cause this Woe?
Why does the Fates afflict me so?
Why don't my Heart this minute break?
And Death a Final Conquest make:

*For here alas! I Bleeding lye,
And fain I would but cannot dye.*

10.

The Nymph that now enjoys my Dear,
While I in sorrow Languish here,
She little knows my Wretched State,
The which no Mortal can relate:

*For here alas! I bleeding lye,
And fain I would, but cannot dye.*

The Contriving Lover:

Or, *The Fortunate Mistake.*

With the Old Womans Journey to Heaven up the Chimney in a Hand-Basket. Together with her Dreadful Downfall from the Chimney-Top to the Chimney-Corner.

To the Tune of, *I often for my Jenny strove, &c.*

Licensed according to Order.

(1)

A Rich Old Miser of Renown,
Who dwelt within a Country Town,
He had a Daughter young and fair,
As lively and as brisk as Ayre;
A Spark had got so far in favour,
that they oftentimes had been
Kissing and Clasping, Dying Gasping,
Lovers, you know what I mean.

(2)

The Miser thought the Youth too Wild,
And not a Match fit for his Child;
He fearing what had pass'd before,
Forewarn'd him coming any more:
Further to prevent their meeting,
and contrivance, out of door
He did command her, to her Chamber,
and there Lock'd her up secure.

(3)

When this sad News her Lover knew,
He greatly discontented grew;
Resolving by some means, that he
His loving Dame again wou'd see:
Knowing the Chimney of her Chamber,
he got on the Old Dads House-top,
A Letter bearing, words so 'ndearing,
he did down the Chimney drop.

(4)

Desiring that she would next Night
Take care to keep her Candle light,
For he intended then by stealth,
To visit her that way himself.
This kind News did so surprize her,
and such Joys to her impart,
Thoughts of possessing, such a Blessing,
much reviv'd her drooping heart.

(5)

The Night ensuing quickly came,
When he resol'd to see his Dame,
He then desir'd a trusty Friend,
That he would his assistance lend.
In a Basket he was let down,
his fair Prize for to obtain,
Giving him Order, if the Cord stir,
for to pluck him up again.

(6)

When down into the Room he came,
He welcom'd was by his fair Dame;
Their eager passions to content,
They Kist, and into Bed they went:
Eager to possess the blessing,
fears and cares were soon destroy'd,
Loving Caresses, and Embraces,
by these Lovers were enjoy'd.

(7)

The Miser and his Wife lay near,
Who did the Tell-tale Bed-Cords hear;
The Old Woman in a heavy plight,
Cry'd, Husband rise and strike a Light,
Somebody's got to Bed with our Daughter,
for I hear the Bed-cords crack:
The Miser amazed, soon was rais'd,
and into the Room did pack.

(8)

They hearing the Old Miser rise,
Which did the Lovers both surprize;
The Daughter, in a thousand fears,
Whips out of Bed, and falls to Prayers;
Begging God to bless her Father,
who she thought was best of Men;
Begging his Thriving, and his living
to the Age of *Methusalem*.

(9)

He hearing what his Daughter said,
Return'd again and went to Bed;
And call'd his Wife an ill-tongu'd Beast,
Who did so base a thing suggest:
The Old Woman lay a while and listen'd,
being not well satisfy'd;
They possessing, of their blessing,
then she heard again, she cry'd.

(10)

Then slyly up got the Old Dame,
And into her Daughters Room she came;
She happen'd to stumble at a Stool,
Did into th' Lovers Basket fall:
Up was drawn the poor Old Woman,
who in the Basket screaming lay,
To the top he drew her, down again threw her
whilst his friend escap'd away.

Printed for R. Bell, at the Blew Anchor in Pope-Corner. 1690.

The Royal BALL:

As it was perform'd in Masquerade by Two Seamen.

Being the Subjects Hearty-VVish for the good success of the KING and Fleet.

To an Excellent New Tune, Sung at Court.

Licensed according to Order.



I.
Since all the World's in Arms,
And full of loud Allarms;
Let Englands Subjects Sing
The Praises of her KING,
Who Conquers where he goes,
And Triumphs o're his Foes;
Then let us all Proclaim
Great King William's lasting Fame

II.
No Nation is so Blest;
With such a Prince possesst,
Whose Care does never cease,
That we may live in Peace.
How Happy might we be,
Could Subjects but agree?
Then let us all Proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

III.
To him our Lives we owe,
For him these we'll bestow:
No Forreign-Force we'll fear,
But Fight for England here.
Proud France let us pull down,
And shake that Tottering-Crown,
And let us all Proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

IV.
Let SEAMEN in the Fleet,
Make all the French retreat.
Make Monsieur flee apace,
And fear the English Face.
Our Warlike-Lads know how
To make the French-Men bow.
Then let us all Proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

V.
Our NAVY on the Seas,
(While we are safe at ease)
In Bullets and in Flame,
Will raise the English Name.

Our Valour France shall know,
By their own overthrow.
Then let us all Proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

VI.
How many were the Plots
Of all the Papish-Sots,
To Ruine great and small,
To take our Lives, and all.
Yet these we still enjoy,
Which they sought to destroy.
Then let us all Proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

VII.
The King does undertake
Great Dangers for our sake:
Himself in Person goes
To Vanquish Englands Foes,
That we may live all here,
Securely, void of fear.
Then let us all Proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

VIII.
Let Trumpets every where,
To sound his Praise, prepare.
Let Subjects Valiant be,
And Loyal, and agree:
With one Consent and Voice,
In him alone Rejoyce;
And let us all Proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

IX.
Our Wishes let us send,
That Heaven may him defend;
Our Armies too, and Fleet,
That they the French defeat;
That we may Praise and Sing
The Triumphs of our KING:
And may always proclaim
Great King VVilliam's lasting Fame.

FINIS.

A COPY of Verses,

Containing,

A Catalogue of young Wenches, which will be expos'd to Sale by Inch of Candle, at the *Cuckold's* Coffee-House in *Cucumber-Lane*, and the Golden-Cabbage in *Taylor's-street*.

To the Tune of, *The Forsaken Lover*. Licensed according to Order.

I.

Gallants I pray attend
to this New Ditty;
Good News to you I send,
young Lasses witty
Will be expos'd to Sale
by Inch of Candle;
As neat from Head to Tale,
as Man can handle.

II.

The first is bonny *Kate*,
a Broom-Man's Daughter,
With whom a vast Estate
will come hereafter;
It is, I'll swear a Lease,
Ten Pounds *per Annum*,
Which comes at the decease
of an Old Grannum.

III.

The next a Beauty bright,
which Men admire,
Who will both Day and Night
grant your desire;
She came, I do declare,
last Week from *Dover*;
As sweet a Lass as e're
Man laid Leg over.

IV.

Young *Bridget* fine and gay,
fit for promotion,
She has I'll tell you a
White-Chappel Portion,
Which is a Mark a year
her Mother gave her;
Gallants I pray draw near,
for you may have her.

V.

The next is *Mistriss Joan*,
that famous Flower,
Who wears it is well known,
a topping Tower;
With Sumptuous rich Array,
like a fair Lady;
Young Gallants come away,
she's ripe and ready.

VI.

Not far from *Tunbolt-street*,
a Drovers Sister,
She is young fair and sweet,
thousands have kist her;
View but her Charming Brow;
never stand arg'ing,
She is I'll swear and vow,
a special bargain.

VII.

The next is *Mistriss Nell*,
a fair young Creature,
Living near *Clarken-well*;
but you may meet her
At the afore-said place,
with many other;
She is in right good Case
to make a Mother.

VIII.

Would you enjoy a Wit?
come to this Auction,
There's one that is right fit
for a Concoction;
The most ingenious Mirth
in her is carried,
Only two at a Birth,
and never Married.

IX.

Tell me what fault is this
in a young Beauty,
Can it be thought amiss;
to learn their Duty;
Come she is fit for Game,
before you buy her,
Young *Nancy* is her Name,
take her and try her.

X.

We have one strapping Maid,
scarce one and twenty,
Who by a Female Trade
now lives in Plenty;
To change a single Life,
young men don't fail her,
She'll make a Buxom wife
for some poor Taylor.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, *J. Deacon*, *J. Blare*, *J. Back*.

Lord THOMAS and Fair ELLINOR,

Together with the Dowdral of the Brown Girl.

To a pleasant Tune, call'd, Lord Thomas, &c.



Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,
and a chaser of the King's deer;
Fair Ellinor was a fair woman,
and Lord Thomas he lov'd her dear.

Come riddle my riddle, dear Mother, he said,
and riddle us both as ore,
Whether I shall marry with Fair Ellinor,
and let the Brown Girl a one?

The Brown Girl she has got houses and lands,
and Fair Ellinor she has got none;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
bring me the Brown Girl home.

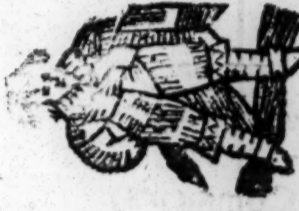
And as it befel on a high holiday,
as many did more beside,

Lord Thomas he went to Fair Ellinor,
that should have been his bride.

But when he came to Fair Ellinor's bower,
he knocked there at the ring;

But who was so ready as Fair Ellinor,
for to let Lord Thomas in.

What news, what news, Lord Thomas, she said,
what news hast thou brought unto me?
I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
and that is bad news to thee.



Oh! God forbid, Lord Thomas, she said,
that such a taing should be done;
I th ought to have been thy bride my ownself,
and you to have been the bridgroom.

Come riddle my riddle, dear Mother, she said,
and riddle it all in one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding,
or whether I shall tarry at home?

There's many that are your friends, daughter,
and many that are your foe;
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
to Lord Thomas's wedding don't go.

There's many that are my friends, Mother,
if a thousand more were my foe,
Beside my life, betide me death,
to Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.

She cleared herself in gallant attire,
and her merry men all in green;
And as they rid thorough every town,
they took her to have been a queen.

But when she came to Lord Thomas's gate,
she knocked there at the ring;
But who was so ready as Lord Thomas,
for to let Fair Ellinor in.

Is this your bride? Fair Ellinor she said,
methinks she looks wondrous brown;
Thou might'st have had as fair a woman
as ever trod on the ground.

Despise her not, Fair Ellin, he said,
despise he, not now unto me;
For better I love thy little-fingert,
then all her whole body.

This brown bride had a little penknife,
that was both long and sharp,
And becaus the short ribs and the long
picks'd Fair Ellinor to the heart.

Oh! Christ now save thee, Lord Thomas he
methinks thou look'st wondrous wan;
Thou'st for to look with as fresh a colour,
as ever the sun shind on.

Oh art thou blind! Lord Thomas, she said,
or canst thou not very well see?
Oh! dost thou not see my own heart's blood
runs trickling down my knee?

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
as he wait'd about the hall,
He cut off his bride's head from her shoulders,
and he threw it against the wall.

He set the butt against the ground,
and the point against his heart;
There was never three lovers that ever met,
more sooner they did depart.

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The CABAL:

OR, ^{ref} A Voice of the POLITICKS.

A most pleasant New Play Song.

Here take a view of such as fain wou'd be
Counted State-Wits, but want their Policy;
And yet go clad in Cloaks of Knavery.
Here's all the smoaking, sneaking, dribling Crew,
Painted, and set before the Readers view;
Who wou'd be something that you never knew.
To a Pleasant New Play-house Tune.

Now England grows mad,
with strange Faction divided,
Each one has his Humor,
and Raves if deny'd it:
The Whigg in Cabals,
does mutter Mis-prision,
And Tory with Dammees,
holds Whigg in Derision.

Each Fop would be counted
a Grave Politician,
And prates his loud Non-sence,
without Intermission;
Whilst smoaking his Nose,
o're fumes of dull Coffee,
Pretended State-Reasons,
a thousand he'l quaff ye.

Another beyond him,
fits soberly Piping,
Whilst his dull Wits,
to the purpose do ripen:
Then outs with his Budget,
and tells you a Story,
And still in the mid't,
falls a Ranting at Tory.

And vows he is Wicked,
whilst in the same breathing,
Himself to the Devil,
he's fairly bequeathing,
By using his Lungs
for to blow up Sedition,
Betwixt Prince and People,
to raise a Division.

Another beyond him,
o're Pamphlets sits brooding,
Spending his Verdict,
still as he's perusing:

And swelling like Julius,
the late famous Caesar,
Swears he could make Comments,
were he but at leisure.

Another crys Hark!
did you hear of the Wonder?
Yes, faith, says his Neighbour,
they say it did Thunder:
Aye, that's a sure Sign,
says the Coffee-House-keeper,
That we e're long
shall have Mackerel Cheaper.

Another comes in
at a Door that is private,
And listens to hear
what the Politicks drive at:
With his Mouth at half cock,
he demurely stands gaping,
And when he sees time,
he most loudly does open.

And Rails against all
that profess themselves Loyal,
Swearing to Babylon,
'tis that they hie all:
But if a Stranger
does happen to enter,
They then are silent,
as Earth's deepest Center.

These, these are the Bubbles
that trouble our quiet,
And suck in Sedition,
more nat'ral than Diet:
Who would prescribe Rules,
such as none did know yet,
And are Politicians,
had they Wit to shew it.

